

THE  
AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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SEPTEMBER, 1837.

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THE TIMES.

THE hour has at length arrived when the partisan character of politics is becoming wholly changed in this country. Questions of the greatest moment are now agitating the public mind, and for the first time since the early organization of the old Federal and Democratic parties, men are beginning to array themselves under the distinct banners of OPINION.

The course of the past and present administration, in preaching one doctrine and practising another; in hanging out the banners of Democracy while enforcing an actual Despotism; in encouraging a Foreign political influence in the very heart of the country while affecting a high-toned nationality; in villifying the Monied institutions of the country while controlling that country through the medium of the Banks; and lastly, in interfering with the private affairs of the States under the pretence of studying the welfare of the Union; have at length combined to open the eyes of thinking men to the present condition of the Republic, and alarm them for the extremity to which all things seem tending.

The theoretical believers in true Whig principles at length see the necessity of carrying those principles into action by every exertion in their power, and bringing back our institutions to the original objects for which they were established. This is only to be done, First, by checking the overweening influence of the Executive. Secondly, by arresting the interference of the General with the State governments. Thirdly, by preventing the increase of foreign voters; and, Fourthly, by divorcing the dangerous union of Bank and State, and leaving money to be dealt in by the citizens of the Republic like any other article of trade.

We may, without any assumption, take some credit here for having always, more or less, upheld these views in the *American Monthly*; advancing them, indeed, incidentally, but pressing them always, so far as we could, without embroiling ourselves in the mere party struggles of the day. But the time has now arrived when the views of the American Party, and the doctrines of Free Trade and States' Rights are no longer matters to be touched upon after this desultory fashion. Abstract theory must now give way to practical discussion. There is a call for LIGHT upon every side; and the feeblest taper, if kindled by truth and brought forward with real honesty of purpose, may contribute its share to illumine the public mind.

A popular government can only be wisely administered in proportion as the people to whom it appertains understand and properly appreciate the true principles of civil liberty. That they may do this, it is essential that the public press should be, in the first place, free as regards the law; secondly, independent in its individual position; and thirdly, honest and undaunted in its course. This is to be the great engine of forming, for the most part, the political opinions of men; this is to be the medium through which the public discussion of the great principles of government and political economy is to be conducted; and through which the people are, from time to time, to receive information of whatever most immediately interests them with regard to the present security and the prospective permanence of their liberties. To the daily and the weekly press it has hitherto appertained, in this country, to exercise exclusively the functions of the people's mentors, and to enjoy without dispute the distinction of standing, as the people's sentinels, on the watch-towers of Freedom. It is, nevertheless, inconsistent with the character of publications in themselves so ephemeral, and which meet, usually, with but a cursory perusal in momentary intervals of leisure, to give to the great principles of government that extended and serious consideration which is due to their importance, and which is absolutely essential to impress an adequate sense of that importance upon the minds of men. It is time that journals of a higher class should assume to themselves a political character, and should lend their efforts to the maintenance of those doctrines, on the general acknowledgment of which the stability of our liberties depends. Our country is at this moment in a condition critical to the last degree. Doctrines of a character eminently dangerous have obtained extensive currency among the people; and practices more dangerous still, have crept into the administration of our government: practices, which, if they have not been sanctioned by

the people, have at least been regarded by them with a degree of apathy at once unaccountable and alarming.

At this particular crisis there has been announced in the city of Washington a forthcoming periodical, for the probable high character of which, intellectually, the names of its proposed conductors afford a sufficient guarantee, unhappily about to devote its energies to the perpetuation of those pernicious principles of government of which we so much deprecate the prevalence, and to the defence of those abuses which have already given the country so grievous cause to mourn. In the absence of other and abler champions in the same field, it shall be our task to meet, with the best of our ability, this new and formidable foe to the dearest interests of freemen. It shall be ours to oppose, so far as in us lies, an antidote to the poison which it is thus attempted to infuse into the very life's blood of the body politic.

We have said that our present situation is, in a political point of view, eminently critical. Who does not feel the truth of the assertion? Who does not behold, in the fearful signs of the times, indications of the more than possible speedy destruction of all that as freemen we love, and all that as patriots we boast, in the civil institutions of our country? One by one have we marked the most fatal perversions of the principles, and the most dangerous innovations upon the practices, cherished and observed by the founders of our glorious republic. In vain has the voice of warning been lifted up in our public councils; in vain has it been re-echoed by the public press from one end of the land to the other. No answering voice from the people has yet been heard, in tones sufficiently loud, to stay the progress of the Revolution.

To what cause shall we attribute this silence? Shall we say, indifference? Heaven forbid! Shall we say, incredulity? Americans! we have slumbered long enough. Is it not time to be awake to some of those fearful portents which menace at once political ruin to ourselves, and the utter extinction of the last ray of hope to those who love liberty throughout the world? For such portents we have not far to seek. Like gloomy thunder clouds, they hang black and lowering in the political firmament. Death is slumbering in their volumed blackness; nor is it death the less, that it may fail to come upon us, like the lightning's stroke, quick, sudden, terrible. Ah, no! it is in the paralyzing influence which marks its steady and stealthy approach that the greatest danger lies. It is in the deadness of feeling with which we observe the evidences of a living spirit of liberty gradually to disappear, that the most fearful cause for apprehending its final utter extinction consists. They who pass suddenly from the broad light of day into the gloom of a

dungeon, are struck with the power of the contrast. But when, as the sun sinks slowly behind the hills, the darkness of evening comes gradually on, so imperceptible are the changes, that we scarcely mark them as they pass; and we become only conscious of the obscurity after the luminary has withdrawn himself entirely from the upper earth. So sets the sun of Freedom upon a people, who, absorbed in petty trivialities of mere personal interest, forget that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

No, we have not far to seek for these portents. They are around us on our right hand and on our left. The power which is to destroy us, if we are destroyed, is not to come from abroad. Against a foreign foe to American liberty, American freemen are invincible. While there is an arm left to uplift the stripes and the stars, that glorious banner shall still wave over the land where its folds first floated above the armies of the free. But if we are doomed to fall, it will be through our own folly; and the enemy who shall plant his foot upon our necks, will be the popular favorite in whom his countrymen too blindly confided. If the foundations of this glorious temple of liberty, projected by the wisdom, reared by the toil, and defended by the blood, of our fathers, are destined to be removed, and the fabric itself to be levelled with the ground, the sappers and the miners in the detestable work will be those to whose care we entrust the keeping of the edifice.

The sappers and the miners are at work already; nay, they have been so long. Blow after blow has been struck in darkness, one after another have the solid supporters yielded—the edifice is weakened, but not yet destroyed—it is tottering but not yet fallen—the great corner-stone is still unmoved—the key of the arch is still secure, and—Americans! will you not hasten to the rescue?

Some years have passed since the great statesman of the west, in his place in the Senate, declared the country to be in the midst of a revolution. From that period to the present the wheels of the same fearful revolution have been going forward with a rapidity truly frightful. This change consists in the steadily progressive transformation of our government from a representative democracy to an elective monarchy, from a government of laws to one of arbitrary power, from a republic to a despotism and a tyranny. Such and so rapid have been the encroachments of executive usurpation upon the constitutional rights and powers of the co-ordinate branches of the government, that there scarcely remains an attribute of sovereignty which it has not absorbed, and in one way or another exercised. And such has been the persecuting and vindictive spirit in which the chief executive officer and his immediate agents and minions have exercised the powers properly vested in



them by the constitution and the laws ; so entirely have they made these the instruments, not of promoting the general welfare, but of gratifying their own personal feelings of malice or revenge ; that no honorable spirit can contemplate the history of their proceedings without disgust—no lover of his country without a feeling of mingled indignation and shame. Such, too, has been the unblushing corruption countenanced and practised in high places, such the plots and contrivances to purchase support from the wavering or the disaffected, and, among the faithful, to secure to themselves, among other “spoils of victory,” stupendous private fortunes out of the public resources ; that we know not whether most to wonder at the high-handed villany of the transactions themselves, or the apathetic forbearance of a people, which has seen them so often partially unveiled, and has still neglected to hurl the perpetrators from their undeserved elevation, or even to exact a thorough investigation and a complete development of the whole machinery of wickedness.

In alluding to the history of the past, we must be understood distinctly to disclaim all feelings of personal hostility or personal prejudices against those whose acts we are constrained to condemn. This magazine, in so far as its character is to be political, will be devoted strictly to the maintenance of those great principles, on the due observance of which the perpetuity of our liberties and the security of equal rights to all our citizens depend. With *men*, in their individual character, we have nothing to do. It matters not who may be at the helm of government. If his administration be in accordance with the principles which we advocate, and which are those held by the great party arrayed in present opposition to the incumbent of the presidential chair, then we are with him ; if otherwise, against him. At the same time it belongs not to us to descend into the arena of party strife, and actively to take part in the particular political controversies at any time immediately pending. The combatants in that arena are sufficiently numerous already ; and were it otherwise, the mode of warfare now unhappily so prevalent in the immediate struggle for party domination, is such as too often to compromise the dignity of the principles, on the basis of which the war is professedly waged.

If we examine the conduct and the language of those journals which profess to be the organs of great political parties, how often do we find cause to blush and to sigh over the miserable lack of patriotism, and the disgusting excess of pitiful selfishness, of angry personal feelings, of crafty deception and misrepresentation, and of bold and wilful falsehood, which they exhibit. Professing to battle for principle, how often, and with what rancorous bitterness,

do they assail and hunt down private character ; how often do they appeal to the passions, the prejudices, and the ignorance of the multitude ; how wilfully, how wantonly, and how grossly do they pervert the language and the acts of those whose elevation to office they desire to prevent ! How wickedly do they persist in attaching grave importance to trifles, in themselves insignificant or indifferent at most ; and how frequently, alas ! do they at length prevail, not because the principles they maintain are the safe, the wise, or the just principles, or even the principles of the majority ; but simply because all principle has been forgotten in the conflict, and the question has been transformed into a most discreditable discussion and comparison of the private characters, the private peculiarities, and the private lives of men.

It is this mode of warfare, which, more than any thing else, has paved the way for, and secured the popular sanction to, those enormous acts of executive usurpation which marked the history of the miserable, tyrannical, and destructive administration from which, by the blessing of heaven, the country is at last delivered. Yes ; the incubus has passed away at last ; and, though another has supervened in its stead, there is reason, thanks to heaven again, to hope that its strength will prove but weakness in the comparison. Twice has the whole country, with throes of convulsive effort, labored to shake off the odious burthen : but, like the old man of the sea, it had fastened itself upon the shoulders of the people too securely to be detached. Exhausted and heart-sick, the most sanguine and the most patriotic spirits have at times been ready to despair of the republic. And the weapons which have thus prevailed against the intelligence and the patriotism of the country, and which, striking beyond their immediate object, have crushed its commerce, and crumbled its wealth, and paralyzed its industry, have been strictly and entirely of the disgraceful and abominable character we have just been endeavoring to describe. A popular idol—why *justly* popular it would be difficult to say—a man of meagre attainments, of limited information, and of narrow capacity—a lawyer, without eminence—a judge, without competence—a senator, without weight or influence,—and, to balance the account, a fortunate only—not a great—soldier—by the strength of an empty name, and by the wicked, foul-mouthed, and disgraceful slander, on the part of his presses, of every distinguished individual opposed to him and his measures, was enabled to maintain himself in power, in spite of violated pledges, and the practical abandonment of every political principle he ever professed. The principles avowed by the late President, in the commencement of his career, were some of them plausible enough : nevertheless, in the main, his principles

were never our principles; and we accordingly contributed elsewhere,\* our mite of effort to prevent his election, as an event, which we believed was about to be what one of his early enemies and later friends too truly predicted it would be,—a curse to the country. But such as were his professions, his practice contradicted them all; and yet, by the help of the miserable machinery of partisan warfare he was sustained.

The country has had enough of rulers elected for their own sakes. It is time that every freeman discarded from his breast those petty feelings of personal partiality, or personal dislike, which are the constant source of discord among men who hold principles in common, and which tend to no result but the downfall of the right and the triumph of the wrong. Let each freeman ask himself, what is it to me individually, what is it to my country, whether this or that candidate be seated in the presidential chair, provided the great principles prevail, on the preservation of which my liberty, my prosperity, and my happiness depend? On the other hand, is it not much to me, is it not much more to my country, that another, in whose elevation I behold a fresh blow impending over the already bleeding constitution, and new, and numerous, and more rapid strides toward the destruction of all that I hold dear in my country's institutions, should be excluded from the office? Unless men will so reason, and unless they will so conclude, it is idle to hope for the preservation even of that shadow of a republic which yet remains to us. "Principles, not men," must be our motto; and not the motto of our lips only, but of our practice also.

One of the great principles for which the opponents of the present ignorant and presumptuous administration must henceforth contend with a zeal that shall never tire, must be the reduction of the executive power within its constitutional limits. There is, perhaps, no other at the present time of importance to be compared with this. Unless that power, grown at last so stupendous as to overshadow the whole land, and, like Aaron's rod, to swallow up all others in itself, be restricted to the useful purposes for which only it was created, our condition will shortly be little better than that of the miserable Russian serfs who are sold with the soil they till. That words like these are something more than sound, bear witness the desolation of the land from south to north. "Perish credit" was the cry of one whose name has become synonymous with sycophancy and partisan servility—"perish credit:" credit has perished—"perish commerce;" commerce has perished too. Our fair name is dishonored abroad, and our ships lie rotting at our

\* The New England Magazine, before its combination with the American Monthly, was an industrious laborer in the cause we are now asserting.



wharves at home. The grass is springing in our commercial streets. Half-finished walls are crumbling silently in what were once the busy marts of trade. The merchant at his desk tells moodily over the sum of his past losses, and sighs at the thought of what the morrow may bring forth. The clerk lounges idly over the counter, or gazes listlessly up the street after the unfrequent customer. The doors of the factory are closed, and its wheels are motionless. The early hammer of industry is rarely heard. Thousands of working-men, deprived of employment, are exhausting the slender pittance which they had reserved for the weakness of age. The alms-houses are full to overflowing, and mendicants are praying for charity at the corners of the streets. All this, when winter too is approaching, with a thousand horrors in his icy breath.

These are the blessings bequeathed to a much-injured people by one whom they trusted, "Not wisely, but too well." And these, be it remembered, are the fruits of that system of bold usurpation, by which that man rendered his individual will independent of, and superior to, the constitution and the laws of the land. That this is so, will be obvious from the most cursory review of the past.

Let any one cast a glance over the history of the eight years which have just elapsed, let him inquire what great public measures have in the mean time been adopted to affect for good or for ill the happiness of this extended country, and whose have been those measures, and how they have been made to prevail; and he will need no argument to convince him that the legislative power, as established by the constitution, has been mastered, bound, enslaved; and that all its essential functions have been assumed by, and absorbed in, the executive alone. Not one important measure—the distribution act of 1836, perhaps, excepted—in the slightest degree at variance with the private wishes, or in the most trifling manner opposed to the bitter prejudices of the President, has received the sanction of the national legislature without having been subsequently, in one way or another, defeated by the exercise of his arbitrary will. No scheme has been projected on his own part, however rash, however visionary, or however foolish, which he has not carried into execution in spite of the legislature which strove in vain to arrest him in his mad career.

The first grand aim of the late chief executive was to possess the control of the public purse.

We are perfectly aware of the reasoning by which it is attempted to show that the Executive has been clear in this matter. To all this, we need only rejoin that the events which have occurred, were all and several distinctly predicted from the beginning by men whose financial ability is too well known to be questioned.



But were it otherwise, the truth would still remain unshaken, that throughout the entire series of these presumptuous acts, the President, to use the language of Mr. Clay's celebrated resolution, "assumed upon himself powers not conferred by the constitution and the laws, but in derogation of both."

But, it has been urged again,—in all these things the Executive has been sustained by the popular voice. In the first place, whatever be inferred from the expressions of the popular feeling at the ballot-box, it is not true that the measures of the President were the measures of the people in advance. They were adopted because they *were* the measures of the President; and his acts of usurpation were sustained because they were the acts of Andrew Jackson. This leads us, secondly, to remark, that the very acquiescence of the people in acts so illegal in their nature, constitutes the most alarming fact in the whole history. We have now seen how men can be blinded by the influence of a popular name. We have seen with what alacrity freemen, who profess to be proud of their freedom, can yield up their liberties to a tyrant of their own choice. We have seen how hard it is for men to condemn one, however in the wrong, whom they believe to act with honesty of purpose.—And we have seen of how indispensable necessity it is to a people, who would continue to live under a government of laws, to separate between the individual and his acts—to adopt the maxim, and to adhere to it in practice with unbending determination—"principles, not men."

Having devoted so great a space to the consideration of those executive encroachments most intimately connected with the present condition of the country, we can but allude to others, which deserve, nevertheless, to be gravely pondered.

The Senate of the United States is, under the constitution, a part of the executive power. The consent of that body is essential to the validity of all appointments to office not placed by law at the disposal of particular functionaries. Can any one have forgotten the artifices by which this check on the presidential power of appointment has been practically annihilated? Can any one have forgotten on how numerous occasions a second nomination has been resorted to, when, by any accident, the President had been led to believe that a temporary majority would be found in his favor? Or, can any one have forgotten that, for six months after the opening of the next session of Congress subsequent to the removal of the deposits, the name of that pliant Secretary of the Treasury, whom the President had used in the execution of his designs upon the public purse, was not submitted to the Senate at

all? These things are indeed within the letter of the constitution, but they are violations of its spirit of the grossest kind.

Can any one have forgotten, moreover, the flagrant insult offered to the same body, in the shape of an executive protest against certain of their proceedings had while sitting in their legislative capacity? Or can any one have forgotten the war subsequently waged against them, for years, on account of the same proceedings; the attempts made to bring them into odium with the people; the menaces thrown out in regard to a narrower limitation of their term of service; and the extended machinery, by which, at length, their independence was totally prostrated, and by which they were finally led in humiliation and captivity to the foot of the throne? Alas! that honorable body, to which, for so many years, every lover of his country would look up with exulting pride, has finally indeed become degraded, almost beneath contempt. Once the glory of the nation—what is it now, but a hissing and a reproach! There exists no longer any restraint upon the presidential power of appointment. The Senate of the United States has become a mere court of registry of the edicts of a master.

And who does not know how, by the artful use of this power of appointment, the chief executive has contrived to bind to himself a majority in the house of Representatives, as ready to do his bidding as the Senate has itself become? Has any one forgotten, that throughout the whole of a long session the speaker of that house carried in his pocket the promise of a foreign mission? or can any one have forgotten the consequences, as they manifested themselves, in the selection of committees and in the regulation of debates?

Who, moreover, does not recall the frequent occasions on which delinquent or fraudulent public servants have been sheltered from merited censure, under the broad ægis of presidential power? Can it be forgotten, that so early as the session of 1830–31, the abuses and the manifold corruption, even so early existing, in the Post Office department, were perfectly known and understood; yet that every attempt to bring them officially before the Senate ended in utter failure? Is the speech of Mr. Clayton of Delaware on that occasion forgotten—a speech in which he recounted to the Senate facts precisely similar to those reported by Mr. Ewing years after, when the department had at length become utterly bankrupt? Is the letter of Abraham Bradley to the President forgotten, in which he charged upon the Postmaster General, incapacity, malfeasance in office, and every species of corruption, sustaining his charges by the most ample proof? And is it forgotten, that, notwithstanding all this, William T. Barry was shielded from censure and dis-

grace, and sent abroad upon a foreign mission, leaving the Post Office behind him insolvent to the amount of a million?

Why should we allude to the vain attempts made to investigate the condition of the general Land Office? Why, to the difficulties encountered by the committee of Mr. Wise, and the insolent letter of the President to that gentleman at the last session? Why call to mind that farce of a trial, in which a servile and sycophantic slave of the palace, while arraigned at the bar of the house as a culprit, contrived to turn the proceedings into a persecution and vilification of the honorable members whom he had insulted.

It is a task too sickening to enumerate the countless acts and incidents which go to swell the evidence of the overwhelming unconstitutional power wielded at present by the American Executive. In the mere perversion of the power of appointment and removal into an instrument for rewarding friends and punishing enemies, there is enough to excite the alarm of every true American. The army of office-holders alone constitutes a pretorian cohort, capable of carrying almost any measure the President may decree.

In view of all these things, it is with reason that the great Whig party of the nation demand, as a measure of immediate adoption, the reduction of the enormous Executive power. Let every member of that party keep this object nearest his heart. Let him exert himself to open the eyes of his countrymen to their danger. Let him warn them that it is in their own apathy, or in their own easy acquiescence in assumptions of power, which ought to be the subject of continual alarm, that the danger chiefly lies. If they will but awake to the truth, if they will but watch and not be weary over the liberties they profess to value, no tyrant on earth can rivet his fetters on their limbs.

But they must watch. Foreign legions may subjugate, and foreign shackles may bind, for a time, even a free people. But it will be only for a time. Neither power can subdue nor manacles fetter the chainless spirit. Ever watchful of its opportunity, it will rise at last, and hurl the oppressor from the throne he has usurped. But they whose slavery comes not by violence—they who *will* to have a master—they are slaves indeed. No matter by what plausible appellation of liberty they may denominate their servitude; no matter by what republican title of Consul, or Tribune, or President they may distinguish their tyrant; they are still slaves, for they know not how to be free.

Civil liberty is only to be enjoyed under a government of laws. Nor must laws be for the people only; they must be for the people's servants. The ruler who is above the law, is a despot. What matters it whether he be so *de jure*, or *de facto* only.

Americans ! shall our liberty be any thing but a name ? Are you ready to abandon your government of laws ? Are you ready to see your laws trampled under foot by those entrusted with their execution ? Are you ready to submit yourselves to the domination of an autocrat, distinguished from other autocrats only by the republican title of a President ? These are questions which cannot be evaded. Not to reply, is to reply like slaves—we *are* ready. Rally, then, to the rescue of the violated constitution ; and let your answer be given at the ballot-box in silence and in power.

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BOAT SONG ON LAKE OWASCO.\*

BY A. CLEVELAND COX.

Loose, loose the sail ! a gentle gale  
Is blowing from the shore ;  
And sunset's glow, its sheen doth throw  
Owasco's waters o'er.  
Away we glide—aye, far away  
The rippled tides aboon ;  
We leave the beach at parting day  
To sail beneath the moon.

And off we sweep—the glassy deep  
Is glitt'ring 'neath our prore ;  
And eyes as gay as starlight's ray  
Are glancing from the shore.  
Those eyes shall be our cynosure,  
And guide our little sail—  
For brightly beams their sparkle pure,  
And charms away the gale.

Oh, swiftly then ! we'll back again  
When gaily o'er the stream  
The soft starlight is dancing bright,  
And shines the pale moon-beam.  
And what though round us twilight dark  
Be gath'ring as we roam—  
When Mary smiles to bless our bark  
"The fairy of the foam !"

AUBURN, July, 1837.

\* The Owasco Lake, though one of the most beautiful of the many that adorn the western part of this state, is very undeservedly neglected by the traveller, who too often cannot brook the delay of even an hour's departure from the direct road of his journey. He knows not what he loses, however, and perhaps it is as well that he should go on. But to the admirer of American scenery, and the lover of aquatic sports, the omission of a visit to the lake would be a sorry blank in his "*tour to Niagara*."



## RE-CHARTER OF THE BANK.

AFTER we have once imbrued our hands in politics, it would seem almost like flinching to issue this number of our magazine without touching at all on the important and now exciting subject of the currency, and the great question which presents itself first of those which spring out of it, of the Re-charter of the Bank. Important as this question undoubtedly is, we think yet an exaggerated importance has been given to it, since its assailants and its defenders have alike lost temper, and resorted to violence and abuse. These errors we shall endeavor to avoid, by laying the past out of view and looking only to the future.

A Bank of the United States, in the first place, is a thing of disputed constitutionality. Ought not this matter to be permanently set at rest by action of the competent powers? If Congress have not power to grant charters or acts of incorporation generally, or such as this in particular, is not the matter important enough to justify the calling of a convention. Men should not view this great question solely through the medium of its effect on the other, of Bank and No Bank; they should discuss it candidly by itself, and have it for ever put to rest.

When this is done, supposing Congress to be found to possess, or to have acquired, the power in question, we arrive at the arguments for and against the use of it in this case. A Bank of the United States similar to the last, and, as far as possible, a revival of the last, seems to be demanded for five reasons principally, which may be set down as follows.—It is demanded,

1. As a panacea for existing troubles in the commercial world.
2. As a regulator of the currency.
3. As a regulator of Exchanges, (domestic chiefly).
4. As a fiscal agent for the government.
5. As a money-lending corporation, in aid of commerce; this last being the specific function of a Bank.

We shall look at these arguments one by one, and if we decide them nearly all, as we think we must, against the opinions of the supporters of the Bank, we hope our readers will weigh our reasons candidly; and if not convinced by them, at least allow them weight enough to excuse us for being so.

1. If it be true that all our existing evils have been brought on us at this moment by the disappearance of the Bank, is it therefore clear that its re-establishment would alleviate them? The Govern-

ment, it is said, was running a mad career, which the Bank resisted, and therefore it was destroyed; and the Government was thus enabled to ruin the commerce of the country by tampering unrestrainedly with the currency. On this statement, it is thought there arises a general presumption in favor of the Bank as the natural champion of the true commercial interests of the country, which it is the natural interest of the Bank, it has been urged, to support. But to support against whom?—against the Government?—Then the Bank must be made strong enough to contend with the Government; and what are the effects of such a contest, we have too much reason to know. It is absurd to ask us to set up a power in the country capable of resisting its already established authorities; it is, in fact, proposing a change of our mode of government to talk of giving the financial interest body and form and independent power. And then what assurance have we that this power will be honestly used even for the true interests of the Bank itself, which are alleged to be identical with those of the public? The Bank shares are bought and sold in the market; the Government may hold a quarter, a very rich individual might possess himself of another quarter, and what would the “champion” do then?

The truth is, that we have fared like a ship with a whale on board, which might go on steadily enough while he lay quiet, but if we should attempt to take his blubber, he would perhaps knock away our masts “in self-defence.” You may exculpate him if you please; but the result of our experience remains to us—that we are not built to carry whales, and that we were best not take another such passenger.

2. A Bank is demanded as a regulator of the currency, i. e. the paper currency, and the scarcity or plenty of gold and silver as affected by it. Congress, it is said, has power to regulate commerce, and consequently currency; therefore let them put this power out of their own hands by giving a charter for twenty years to an institution capable of exercising it, and beyond their control. Now, this surrendering up of the constitutional powers by irrevocable delegation, is what Congress certainly cannot do on constitutional grounds, therefore this argument utterly fails. But is a Bank the best regulator of the currency? It is far from being proved! and on the other hand, there is much apparent force in a suggestion of Jones Loyd, the London banker, that the power of creating paper money ought to be separated entirely from the trade of borrowing and lending it. This is a curious, difficult, and immensely important question; let us not legislate upon it rashly for twenty years ahead. A paper currency suitable for this country is yet to be invented, if free trade in banking and well-organized exchanges will not give it; but the prodigious power of furnishing it ought not to

be put in the hands of any trading corporation, nor beyond the control of the representatives of the people.

3. A Bank is demanded as a regulator of exchanges, and especially of domestic exchanges; an office which the last Bank must be admitted to have performed in a convenient and satisfactory manner, and which, since its destruction, has been badly and expensively done to the great loss and inconvenience of the public. All this, we think, is proved; but we are perfectly convinced that the commercial interest is fully capable of doing this business for itself, and would have done it without the Banks had none existed, and would now do it were it certain that no new Bank would arise to assume the office. Correspondence must be organized, houses established, clerks salaried, and capital appropriated for a vast and complicated business; and perhaps, when all this mechanism is in motion, the unlucky enterprisers may find themselves competed with by a great company, actually paid by the nation for doing the same thing cheaper than the individuals can afford. And this brings us to look a little at the stipulations on this subject in the charter of the last Bank.

The Bank engaged, in consideration of receiving the Treasury deposits, that it would accept at all points of the Union its own notes whatever points payable in payments for Government account. That is, if I have in my possession U. S. Bank notes payable at New Orleans, and I have a Custom-house bond to pay at New-York, these notes are to be received for that bond, though perhaps at the same time the Bank will not accept them in deposit nor pay them in specie, except at the specified point of New Orleans. But the payments constantly due the government were so large as to absorb the greater part of these notes when they went astray from their homes, and they were never at a greater discount any where, we believe, than half per cent. and seldom at any at all. Now how does this work? Suppose I am a planter in Mississippi, and I have sent my cotton crop to New-York, and sold it for ten thousand dollars for which I am authorised to draw. I offer my bill to a merchant, who will only give me half per cent. premium for it; and he gives me a good reason—he can remit U. S. Bank notes, and only lose half per cent. Were the Bank notes in the way, I should get two or three per cent., the actual cost of transmitting specie with insurance, interest, &c., two or three hundred dollars on ten thousand, but I only get fifty. The difference is my loss, so much less proceeds of my crop, so much less inducement to other planters to send theirs to New-York. And who gains it? We hear much said about equalizing exchanges, but who is benefited? In this case it is the New Orleans merchant, who wants funds in New-York, and obtains them at a cheap rate; and the effect of the “equalization of ex-



changes" is to take two hundred dollars from me and give it to him. Just such an effect will be found to result from the analysis of any other case ; and really the Government were well employed when they agreed to sacrifice the interest on the public money on condition that the bank should keep down the natural rates of exchange between the ends of the Union ; that it should at considerable expense and risk injure Peter for Paul's benefit at one time, and Paul for Peter's benefit at another, and do no class any permanent good, and the public at large no service.

4. The Bank is demanded as a fiscal agent of the Government. It must be admitted, we think, that the last Bank performed this duty well, and that such an institution is well adapted to the purpose. But this is a matter of minor importance compared with the very important considerations which must decide whether such a thing shall or shall not exist. The expenditure of the nation may be taken perhaps at some twelve or fifteen millions a year, and the having or not having a good fiscal agent may make a difference of two or three per cent. in the expense and risk of collecting and paying this. If its standing balances are to be deposited at all in the hands of any bank or banks, they will of course blend with the other funds of such banks and their depositors, and, like them, be borrowed and lent, blending theirs with private monies. There is an objection to this at first sight, but perhaps it is not well founded.

Lastly. The Bank is wanted as a bank for the aid of commerce ; and to this we reply, Free Trade, Free Trade. What is money, that the Government must put us in wardship in relation to it ? Let every man bank that will, let every man issue his notes that will, let every man take or refuse notes as he will. If the practice of incorporating Banks, and allowing only such as were chartered to issue notes, had not given a sort of sanction to every bank note that appears, our population would judge that matter as shrewdly as they judge whom they may trust with bread or meat. But we have persuaded them, first, that a bank note is a bank note, one as good as another ; and now we attempt to realize our own fiction, and make them all good alike. The system must fall ; the people want no guardianship and commerce no aid. Let them alone.

A corporation is a sort of legal individual, which the States by general consent, and Congress by assumption, have power to create. But they have no right to grant such individuals powers which they cannot grant to any single citizen, or which they prohibit any to exercise. We must have equal legislation ; our government must either assume the power of making paper money and regulating the currency, or renounce it. If they assume it, they cannot delegate it out of their own reach and hourly control ; and if they renounce it, it then belongs equally to all of us.



## VANDERLYN.

## CHAPTER XV.

*A Ball-room—Portraits—Social and political equality—American Romance—  
The Betrothal.*

— bright  
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;  
A thousand hearts beat happily, and when  
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again.

*Childe Harold.*

It was a gay season in New-York, the winter of 18—. The town was filled with officers, naval and military, and the events continually passing upon the Canada frontier, not less than the approach of a blockading squadron to our coast, kept up a kind of excitement that, shared by every one, gave an unwonted interest to the gayer circles, which are in general but little affected by the condition of the political atmosphere. People did not dance with less glee, nor rattle away with less cheerfulness ; but there was an earnestness and vivacity in their intercourse that is not, in ordinary times, characteristic of the votaries of fashion. The number of strangers from other states, and of men of action in public life, that were intermingled with the customary congregation of mere idlers, raised and elevated the character of society, while converting the ball-room into a sort of social exchange, where one soonest heard the political news of the day ; the movements of troops ; the rumors of naval encounters ; and often the last tidings of husbands and brothers who had but lately left the gay circle to mingle in the scenes of gathering war : and it is a curious fact, that in one instance at least—one of the most desperate naval fights which took place during the war—the officers went into action in the same ball-room dresses in which they had figured at an assembly twenty-four hours previous ; a sudden embarkation, followed by an instant chase and subsequent encounter, giving them no opportunity of changing the apparel which proved the grave clothes of too many of these gallant fellows.

The lights were shining brilliantly through the windows of No. — Broadway, and the military band of the —th, to the officers of which gallant regiment the fete was given when about to take up the line of their fatal march to Canada, was making the walls resound as the hall door was opened to me, and I found myself amid a group of military men and civilians in the entry. It was the night after my singular scene with Brashleigh, described in the last chapter ; and with spirits but illy suited to such a scene, I had sought it in order to meet with one to whom I now wished to bid a

long farewell. Gertrude was there, the idol of an admiring throng, among which there were few who had not far greater pretensions than myself to claim a thought from the belle of the evening. Among those present were many who have since become well-known to fame, but who were then only known as the ornaments of the immediate circles amid which they moved. I remember being particularly struck with the tall, military figure of Lieutenant Colonel S., who had not yet won his laurels at Chippewa; while a slender and pale, intellectual-looking young man, who was engaged in an animated conversation with the witty and beautiful Mary F——, was pointed out to me as the author of some humorous writings, which were much admired at that time, and have not since been forgotten in the maturer productions of his genius. His face was then long and thin, and the slenderness of his person enhanced by the closely fitting uniform which he wore as one of the aids of the Governor, made Col. I. so different a looking personage from what the engravings now represent him, that if the modern portraits are correct, I do not think that I could identify his features; though I well remember that they made so distinct an impression upon me that I can never forget their peculiar character. Time, however, plays strange tricks with our memory as well as with our persons; and if our minute observation of each other had been mutual, my distinguished countryman could hardly now recognize the prematurely gray old man in the brown-haired youth who then stood beside him.

I made several attempts to speak to Gertrude, and claim her hand in a cotillion; but the rooms were so thronged, that we could only exchange a distant bow, and I took my place by one of the doors, determined to seize an opportunity when she should pass out to the supper-room. Here, notwithstanding the deeper interest which I had at heart, I became unconsciously interested in a discussion which was going on near me between the eloquent Mr. W., who had then but lately attained that eminence at the Bar from which an untimely death so sadly tore him. He was talking with old Judge L., and the glossy raven locks, the large dark eye, and face of glowing, manly beauty, which imparted such effect to the proud declamation of this distinguished advocate, were in singular contrast to the gray hairs, the pale, calm, and somewhat severe aspect of the high-bred old gentleman, who could yet forget the toils of office, and relax the gravity of the bench, to mingle, among his light-hearted juniors, in such a scene.

So absorbed was I in the conversation of two such men, that I almost forgot what was passing around me, and the partner of Gertrude handed her in to supper without my having discovered that she had left the dancing-room. The evening was not yet well advanced, but I determined another opportunity should not be lost; and the moment that I made the discovery I followed to the other apartment. But here, just at the moment I was making my way around the supper-table to speak to Gertrude, my movements were most provokingly arrested by one of those prosing declamatory worthies who sometimes find a place in the best ordered circles, where they exercise their predominant propensity to the annoyance and discomfiture of all around them.

"Ah! Vanderlyn, the very man we want," exclaimed the gentleman in question; "you have just been appointed to Governor Tompkins' staff, and as one leagued with the powers that be, can, of course, speak knowingly upon the subject of democracy. I am trying to persuade our federal friend here"—(a suffering exquisite, who thought more at that moment of the silken button in the fingers of his persecutor than of any thing remotely allied to politics)—"I am persuading him, I say, that all men are, and necessarily ought to be, on a perfect equality; and that if Nature did not make them so, those institutions which level the distinctions of character and condition most completely, are in themselves the most perfect."

"Upon my soul I can't help you, Lofoque, if your friend will not be convinced; especially as you seem to be confounding social and political equality. Your democracy savors of greater despotism than did the feudal institutions of old England; they, indeed, establish fixed rank after a most arbitrary fashion; but in making the members of each class *politically* peers to each other, they never insist that a spendthrift, cock-fighting lord must necessarily be upon a *social* equality with his gentler bred brother peers."

"Pray, sir," said the third gentleman, turning to me as if now becoming interested in the subject, "why, if men were meant all to have equal rights, does not Nature make them equally gifted with mental and personal endowments? Does not she create the first difference of ranks, and constitute an aristocracy of her own?"

"Certainly she does," I replied; "and what we republicans quarrel with you for, is, that you endeavor to break down that natural aristocracy, and form men into artificial classes of your own. Leave all men politically equal—have a free trade in aristocracy, if I may so express myself—and excellence must assert itself."

"Surely you would not level refined society down to the mass, and you cannot hope to elevate the mass up to it."

"Level—elevate! why, neither, my dear sir; I leave society to take care of itself. I don't acknowledge it, refined or vulgar, politically, more than I do the existence of a whist club or a religious association. Men choose their clubs and their churches according to their principles and predilections, without any assistance of government; and yet neither clubs nor churches interfere with each other in this country."

"But what," (said the would-be aristocrat, musing,) "what, under this democratic levelling system, becomes of your old families, who have derived a hundred ennobling qualities through a dozen generations of illustrious successors?"

"Why, if their blood hold good, let them transmit them if they can to a dozen generations more. Their current of social virtues need not be stopped because others around enjoy equal political privileges. Believe me, sir, that so long as the human tendency remains for like to pair with like, society is in no danger of disorganization or degeneracy, because government confines itself to the only legitimate objects of government, the protection of person and property."

I must have caught the infection of prosing from my friend Lofoque to run on at this rate, but metal more attractive now presented itself.



There was a broad verandah in the rear of the house, which had been enclosed with glass sashes, tastefully hung with drapery, and fitted up as a conservatory for the present occasion; and thither I now followed a group of ladies, whom the heat of the room had driven to breathe the air among the beautiful plants which adorned it. An early summons to join the dance once more called the most of her fair companions almost immediately away, and in a few moments I found myself entirely alone with Gertrude, whom I had managed to detain in conversation while the partners of the others called them to the floor.

"You look thoughtful to-night, Miss Ashley," I exclaimed, as, after glancing round with slight confusion at finding herself involved in so complete a tête-à-tête in such a place, her countenance resumed its wonted paleness, and she stooped over a flower-pot as if examining the plant which it contained.

"Thoughtful? oh, no! this sprig of Scotch heath was just bringing up a delightful association of a new poem I have been wrapt up in all the morning—Mr. Scott's *Lady of the Lake*; have you seen it?"

"I have indeed, and devoured it with not less delight than you have. What a new world of romance he has opened to us. It is strange that British writers, when they have such rich *materiel* for poetry in their own island, should always go to the continent for their characters of fiction, and lay their scenes in Italy or Germany, or distant Asia perhaps."

"Oh no! there's very little romance in England; and as for Scotland, you know their southern neighbors look upon it pretty much as our southern people look upon Connecticut, as the stronghold of the most matter-of-fact people upon earth. It will be a wonderful triumph over old associations if Mr. Scott succeeds in ennobling the semi-barbarous scenes he describes."

"And yet he will succeed, judging by the universal popularity of 'The Lay,' and the enthusiasm with which this new poem is welcomed. Nay, I should not be surprised if with him commences an entirely new school of British romance. The novelists of the day may tread in his footsteps; Scott himself, indeed, may take to prose, and give the world something equally characteristic of English life as the novels of Fielding and Smollett, but steeped in all the romantic colors of Walpole or Mrs. Radcliffe."

"Why, how will it be possible to weave this fairy tissue of poetic association over a country where society has been so well regulated, and history has set down every thing so distinctly—in such a broad noon-day light—as that which time immemorial has encircled English story? England has always been too happy, too free, too enlightened, too abounding in all the accessories of refinement, to supply the shadowy atmosphere in which the romancer loves to delve. I should almost as soon think of an American novel about our raw and *gauche* society, as of an English romance upon an English subject."

"What is *romance*, Miss Ashley?"

"Why, a sort of dim, traditionary association, that haunts the mouldering castle or deserted palace of a thousand years ago; a wailing spirit of the past, that murmurs in the ripples of the Rhine



and the Arno, and keeps its court in halls like those of the Alhambra—in solitudes like those of the German Hartz.”

“Pardon me! you are describing a material form instead of an essential spirit. Romance is nothing more nor less than the soul of Poetry. Its habitation is in the bosom of Genius. It is an artificer that can weave its fabric from every thing in this breathing world, and you but describe the favorite tools, but not, therefore, the only ones, wherewith it works. A pen like that of Scott may give the same poetic interest to scenes of yesterday, as that of Shakspeare did to the scenes amid which his youth was passed, and the deeds which transpired almost beneath his own eye.”

“Yes, I acknowledge that Shakspeare’s pictures of times almost cotemporary with his own are not less rich in romantic beauty than those wherein he takes his subjects from centuries before.”

“Well, it wants but a man like Scott to re-open the vein which has been closed since Shakspeare’s day, and the world will discover that England is rife with the materials for romantic poetry; and the charm of local association, which in modern English writings is yet almost limited to Gray’s bard and the rhapsodies of Ossian, will be infused into a hundred compositions, and hallow many a place in fancy that has now no interest of its own.”

“Why, if your doctrine be true, the result may be the same in this country so soon as we have a literature of our own.”

“Unquestionably so; there never yet was a country so abounding in all the materiel for the *poet*—I use the word in its full German sense—so rich in the *raw materials* of romance as ours. Scott’s details of border story, brilliantly as they show by the reflected blaze of his genius, are tame and monotonous beside the wild and varied incidents of our frontier annals. Is it *scenery* that is wanting? what are the heathery hills, whose purple outline glows so richly in the magic hues of his pencil, to the forest tufted mountains that lift their gorgeous foliage here beneath skies such as have never warmed his fancy? what the lake “so lone,” and the “so sweet a strand,” which he challenges us to “find in foreign land,” to the waters which reflect those forests when the hues of autumn are suffused like molten rainbows through their waves? Is it *characters* that are wanting to grace this pageantry of nature? why, discarding those which history has already made her own, you still have them in every phase and variety. Freedom and civilization hold here their carnival; and though the guise of character becomes daily more uniform, there are yet grotesque shapes and strange masquers flitting across the scene on whose borders the swart Indian still hovers like a shadow. The adventurers from every clime that have been here for two centuries commingling their fortunes, have kept society in a continued state of fusion, and the metal of the soul has not yet run cold in formal and allotted moulds. There is still a dash of barbaric extravagance which others than the poet may detect amid our sumptuous civilization; and though it exhibits itself too often, in both word and act, at which the moralist must shudder, it is not less worthy the study of one who would paint the passions. But the play of individual passions is here swallowed up and forgotten in the growth and expansion of communities; and the combi-

nations of society are so rapid, that we do not pause to observe the new and strong traits which are called into action while forming them: yet these, Miss Ashley, are the hues and shades—the random lights, and earnest touches—from which the Romancer may best mix his colors and borrow life for his pencil.”

The eyes of Gertrude were fixed intently upon me as I thus ran on. It would have been a want of tact thus to have taken the conversation out of the mouth of almost any girl of her age, but the enthusiasm of her nature was all called out in such a discussion. Earnest in character herself, she was equally won by earnestness in another; and I had often observed, that even when differing in sentiment with me, she would always in conversation indulge the full play of my mind, as if anxious to study its every movement. But why, the reader asks, did I now waste the precious moments of a tête-à-tête in preaching about abstractions when I had so much more interesting personal considerations to advance! And did you never, while screwing up your purpose, to seek some painful interview, find your resolution deserting you the moment you had gained it, and your mind flitting on bewildered wing around every point save that where it fain would light? A lover is a strange wayward creature; the steadiest and most consistent man often becomes as capricious as a young girl when he assumes the character. There is a certain *effeminating* influence in the doubts and fears of which he is the sport, that assimilates his mind for a season to that of the gentler sex; his will becomes nerveless as it were, while fancy is ever so active that judgment almost forgets to act. It was thus when I found the interview which I had so much desired in my power, that I shrunk from using the opportunity which chance afforded me. In the twenty-four hours which had elapsed since the painful *eclaircissement* with Brashleigh, I had revolved in my mind every circumstance in my situation with regard to both him and Gertrude, and determined upon the course which I should adopt in relation to either. The conclusion which I arrived at was, that I ought instantly to leave the ground vacant for my friend and rival; and it was thus I argued. Both his present circumstances and future prospects gave Brashleigh juster pretensions to the hand of any lady than those which I could boast; and in the case of Gertrude particularly, his attentions were far more acceptable to her parents, who had done all they could within the limits of good breeding to discourage mine. What right had I, when one every way so worthy of her was willing to link his fate with hers, what right had I to bind up her life in my precarious fortunes? At present she did, indeed, prefer me to any other suitor; I *felt* it to be so, though no such preference had ever been avowed in words, nor had I made one effort so to elicit it. But might not this be a mere girlish partiality arising only from the accident of my being the first admirer that she had known? Was it right to avail myself of the emotion, and involve her in a secret engagement? Was it acting rightly in regard toward her, was it acting justly in regard to myself, to stand pledged toward one who had hitherto seen so little of the world, that I knew not what the intercourse of society might effect in changing her early opinions and estranging her heart from me in absence?

Then again, as I had hitherto made no distinct avowal of affection, while Brashleigh stood ready to offer his hand upon the slightest encouragement, was it not my duty to withdraw from the scene, leaving it to one who was prepared to act a more positive part than myself? There could be no doubt of it! *One* view of my duty toward Gertrude might prompt an explicit declaration, but *every* view of duty toward my friend suggested that I should no longer stand in his light, unless I had distinctly known that the happiness of the lady was involved in my procedures. And there was the consideration that took the soul from my purpose of leaving her. Could I, ought I to leave her without a word of explanation, without the exchange of a thought which might account for my apparent inconsistency of conduct, and avoid the wounding of her maiden pride by a desertion which would otherwise seem unaccountable? True, we had never yet spoken of love; true, that no act of hers would ever have warranted me for a moment in asserting that she had committed herself; true, that I upon all occasions, so far as mere outward attentions were concerned, had avoided all demonstration of lover-like assiduity. In the morning walk, in the ball-room, or around the work-table by the winter fireside, I had always yielded the place near her to other admirers when such were by; and even created a diversion in their favor by devoting myself, when in her own house, to any agreeable visitor that I chanced to be seated near. But the subtle spirit of love lives not in shows, moves not in outward forms. Its rare magnetism passes unseen through the atmosphere of society, linking two souls together, and enduing them with a clairvoyance of each other's sentiments, that in minds of honor acts like a mutual conscience upon both. Had I *deserted* her, Gertrude, however she might have felt my duplicity, could hardly have called it such, much less could have reproached my false-heartedness as that of a plighted lover. But had I *died*, as a plighted lover she would have mourned for me. I had therefore determined upon seeking this interview; and though the conversation had hitherto taken no turn which would naturally lead me to speak of what was passing in my mind, the next remark of Gertrude seemed to lead almost at once to the point.

"Oh! Mr. Vanderlyn," she exclaimed, as if the subject had then first suggested itself, "do tell me about the adventure of your friend Brashleigh last night, of which every one is talking."

It was not without a slight tremor of voice that I began a reply to her question; for with the name of Brashleigh pronounced by her lips, the full realization of my present circumstances came over me. But what I had made up my mind to do I determined should not be done by halves, or after a weak, compromising fashion; I therefore set forth the gallant act of my friend in the most eloquent terms which I could command, and, while describing him to her as one whose noble nature was capable of almost any sacrifice for the sake of humanity, I took occasion to hint that whatever of rashness there might appear in his display of generosity in this instance, could only be attributed to the desperate influences of some secret sorrow upon one who generally united the most perfect coolness and self-possession to courage and disinterestedness. A slight



blush betrayed that I was not misunderstood, and I went on with my task—the most delicate that a man could undertake. I expressed my surprise that it could be thus with my friend—that he could have a cause of sorrow with which I was not acquainted, and which might not readily be healed. “Surely it could not be love, for what woman could repel the affection of one who had every mental and personal quality that attaches the sex united to every extrinsic circumstance that may tend to secure domestic happiness. And yet love alone, misplaced and unrequited love only, could be the source of his misery, or I certainly, as the confidant of all his feelings, should have known what clouded his spirits.” I then spoke of my regret at being obliged to sever myself from a friend in whose society I so much delighted, but as there were particular reasons which made it imperative for me to leave the present scenes for a season, to bid adieu to them, perhaps for a long time to come, I hoped that Miss Ashley, who now saw so much of my friend, would keep me fresh in his memory. I endeavored to add, in a rallying tone, which was most miserably sustained, that I believed that she, after all, must be the lady who had made a conquest of my nonpareil of a friend; and, while I muttered something about Brashleigh being the only man I had yet known who was worthy of her, I even dared to glance at the relation in which they might stand toward each other before I should ever meet her again. “In view of such a possibility, Miss Ashley,” I whispered in a voice now hoarse with long repressed emotion, “it best becomes me perhaps to return a memorial which, though you may have already forgotten having once accorded me as a proof of mere girlish friendship, I have had the folly to cherish as if it were the emblem of a deeper sentiment—as if it might one day prove the memento of hours which you would not willingly forget—a memento of hours which, with all the wild hopes that brightened them, you would still have me remember; but now”—

“And *what* of now?” said she, in a low, silken voice, laying her hand upon my arm, while the tresses which shaded her cheek almost swept mine as I was about to draw forth the treasured lock from my bosom. Her eye, which had hitherto sedulously avoided mine, was now fixed with full and confiding ingenuousness upon my own, and beamed in smiling lustre from beneath the long lashes, upon which, the moment before, a tear had trembled. That tone—that look—there was a world of meaning in their expression! My soul drank in the full fruition of years of bliss in a single moment; and as my fingers became woven in hers, a mutual pulse seemed to beat in every vein of both. Brashleigh—friendship—my own precarious fortunes, and the opposition of Gertrude’s parents—each tie to restrain, each obstacle to retard me, all—all were forgotten; and it seems in memory as if but an instant had elapsed before I had poured out my impetuous vows and received the plighted faith from Gertrude, which henceforth for ever knit her fate to mine. God!—he knows how severely that faith was tried, how sadly that fate was clouded, almost from the hour of our wild betrothal.

*To be continued.*

## LEAVES FROM A LADY'S JOURNAL.

## No. 7.

BY GRACE GRAFTON.

*Military preparations—Advance of Santa Ana—Battle of Guadalupe—Conquest of Zacatecas—Perilous situation of foreigners.*

IN the following year, as warlike preparations increased, other sounds were added to the cries of the Watchman. At various hours of the night the loud trumpets sounded from the barracks as the soldiers turned out to relieve guard; and, as reports reached the city of the advance of Santa Ana with his armed forces, military zeal was more and more on the alert. The sentinels were then heard calling to each other every half hour through the night, and the cry of "Centinela alerta!" from the different posts, at various distances, rang round like the faint sounds of an echo; a melancholy warning that a crisis was at hand.

In the meantime neither expense nor labor had been spared in preparing the town to resist the anticipated attack. New forts were built; old ones improved and repaired; and long lines of defence ran over the hills in every direction for miles round the town. Nor were arms wanting, nor well-equipped soldiers to handle them. An immense quantity of ammunition was provided, and indefatigable care and attention bestowed on training the *civicos* (militia) to their duty. It is not surprising that these duties were reluctantly performed by men too ignorant to overlook the present burthen and inconvenience in respect of the great advantages to accrue to their state and to the country at large from their successful exertions; and the zeal and courage of the leaders in such a cause is too apt to be thrown away when nothing but the strong arm of authority holds the subordinates to their posts. The Ex-Governor, Don Francisco Garcia, and the good man who succeeded him, were engaged heart and hand in the cause of the Federation against Centralism; and have the character, certainly not universal amongst their fellow-citizens, of fair politicians and honest men; and when they met with defeat, there is every reason to believe that the treachery of their enemies was added to the apathy of their

adherents; a defeat, sudden and unlooked for, as surprising to the victors as it was unexpected to the vanquished.

The direct cause of the attack of Santa Ana on Zacatecas was a refusal on the part of that state to obey an order issued by government to disband the militia and lay down its arms. The militia system was complained of by the common people as excessively burdensome, and a release from it would of course have been welcome to the lower orders; but the government of Zacatecas desired to maintain the sovereignty of the state; and in a well-appointed militia saw the only means of resisting the measures of the aristocrats, at whose head Santa Ana had most unexpectedly placed himself, after having been looked upon as a popular leader, and, as such, having won his way to the presidential chair.

Nothing could exceed the bustle and gaiety that prevailed in Zacatecas for the twelve months that preceded the final struggle; it was like a long festival. Military parades, bull-fights, theatricals, balls, and parties, were the order of the day; and it scarcely entered the mind of the least sanguine that defeat was at hand to change the aspect of affairs, and convert all this confidence and rejoicing into mortified pride and resentful gloom. Indeed, looking with an impartial eye at the situation of both parties, circumstances seemed greatly in favor of Zacatecas against Santa Ana. The former was at home, on her own ground, surrounded by fortifications well furnished with cannon; with troops superior in condition and equipments to those of her enemy, and equal in number, each of the opposing armies counting about 4000 men; whilst the reports that reached Zacatecas of the condition of Santa Ana's army as he marched up from Mexico, served to heighten her confidence of success. It was said that he reinforced his troops from the jails at the different towns through which he passed, which was the fact; and a great part of the infantry was in a wretched, disorderly condition. The cavalry, however, on which he prided himself, were well equipped, and many of the officers veterans in revolutionary warfare. In the meantime his forces, such as they were, advanced by slow degrees upon Zacatecas; and at length the positive intelligence was spread over the city that Santa Ana had encamped on the plain about a league from Guadalupe, to which village the main part of the Zacatecas army had been marched the day previous. Near it, at an Hacienda de Plata, (an establishment for the extraction of silver from the ore,) Garcia had taken up his headquarters, and for months had made it the scene of military preparations and councils of war; but all this was without the range of the fortifications, which therefore availed them nothing; and it is impossible to account for the infatuation that could induce men to



expose themselves to open battle and the risk of overthrow, when to every observer it seemed evident that victory must have been certain had they remained within their entrenchments and made use of the means of defence so amply provided. Like silly sheep, they strayed out of the fold, and the wolves were there to destroy them.

On the evening of the 10th of May, the Zacatecas troops were marshalled on the plain of Guadalupe; and at a league's distance all night glimmered the watch-fires of Santa Ana. Deceitful lights!—Fools!—to be so deceived. Whilst the soldiers of Zacatecas established themselves on the open plain, which they expected on the morrow might prove the field of battle, and slept by their arms,—the troops of Santa Ana advanced cautiously under cover of night, and were brought on both flanks and to the rear of the Zacatecas army. On the 11th, at early dawn, the enemy were discovered in their new positions; and the battle commenced before half the poor bewildered civicos were fairly awake. Many fled without waiting to pick up their arms. Some were caught asleep, buffeted, and taken prisoners. The only attempt at defence was made by the *Esmeriles*, (howitzers,) which killed a number of horses and about fifty of the enemy, and created such a momentary consternation that they turned and fled: so that, in fact, both parties ran away; but Santa Ana's people happening to look round first, discovered the disorder of the others, rallied, and won the day; though some of the straggling runaways of Santa Ana's men spread the news of his defeat in the neighboring towns; and the same bells gave a joyful peal for Zacatecas, which a few hours afterwards rang as merrily in honor of the victory of Santa Ana! All this may sound very strangely in American ears—it is nevertheless perfectly characteristic of the Mexicans, whose faithless policy is only equalled by their cowardice. All the Zacatecas officers, and the cavalry who could find their horses in time, with a few exceptions, escaped; and those who had only their own legs to depend on took refuge in the large convent garden of the Guadalupe friars. The whole number of killed amounted only to sixty men; and on the side of Zacatecas two or three of these were foreigners, who had the audacity to stick to their posts, (one of them manned a howitzer,) for which they suffered death, being shot or lanced in the plaza of Guadalupe by order of an officer of Santa Ana.

Zacatecas meanwhile was on the qui vive of suspense and anxiety. The soldiers being all drawn off to Guadalupe, a large party of citizens were called on, on the evening of the 10th, to patrol the town; even foreigners were expected to join in the service, and felt compelled to comply, notwithstanding the equivocal situation

in which they were thereby placed. They formed about 8 o'clock in the plazuela de Gobierno, in front of the Governor's house, a long line of horsemen, each armed with sword and pistols; and started on their rounds, which led them not only through the streets in every direction, but a mile and more down the Guadalupe road; then returning again, the measured tramp was heard, and the ringing of the horses' feet against the pavement, being the only sounds that disturbed the perfect stillness of the night, in which anxious vigils took the place of sleep. I had, however, retired at a late hour, and with most unbecoming apathy slept soundly until after sunrise, when I was roused by the entrance of one of the patrol, who, released from duty, had hastily sought his home. He recommended me with assumed indifference to rise, as he said firing had commenced, and as Zacatecas might have the worst of it, it was possible Santa Ana might make good his entrance. He did not think it worth while to inform me just then of what he was only too well aware, that all was lost—that the victorious troops of the enemy were advancing in hot pursuit; facts of which I was presently made sensible; for I had scarcely opened my eyes and ears to the unpleasant possibilities alluded to, when a party of cavalry soldiers dashed furiously up the street, runaways from the Zacatecas army. Others soon followed in full career, seriously impressed with the belief that

"He who fights and runs away  
Will live to fight another day."

The party who had mounted guard over the city during the night, had been employed at early day in the unpleasant task of stopping and beating back these cowardly fugitives, till it was found that all such checks were unavailing. The Governor himself took to flight with some of his officers, and the patrol dispersed "without leave," as I was told by a woman servant who came in immediately after, with her reboso at her eyes, and trembling with fear. She had been out on the outskirts of the town picking up intelligence, and fled home calling on the saints; who, however, regardless of all invocations, had neglected to interpose their aid in our favor. These were moments of fearful interest to the citizens, who, with shops shut and doors barricadoed, looked anxiously from their windows into the now deserted streets, aware that the soldiers of Santa Ana must next appear on the scene.

On they came—a small advance guard of cavalry, which separated into two small parties of seven or eight in number, and flew like demons past the Parian and up the principal streets towards the plaza, uttering imprecations of defiance mingled with shouts of

"Viva Santa Ana!" They met with little resistance, only receiving a slight check from some random shots fired by a few desperados who had placed themselves on the great church which commands the plaza. They paused for a few minutes, alighted, and deliberately returned the fire; then pursued their rapid course towards the plaza de Gobierno.

The startling entrance of those wild horsemen passed by like a hurricane, and a few minutes' perfect calm ensued—like the awful lull that sometimes occurs in the midst of a storm, followed by a redoubled crash from the contending elements; thus was the momentary pause followed by the drum, and the hum, and the clang, and the heavy tramp of thousands, as rank and file, the main body of Santa Ana's army, marched in, music playing, banners flying; whilst the church bells rang out a disconsolate attempt at a joyful peal. All this was quite a relief: it had something the air of a peaceable parade. The women calmed their fears, dried their eyes, and issuing forth into the balconies, began to admire the gallant appearance of the stranger troops, and to bestow scornful epithets on the Zacatecas soldiers, who were "no better than poor, cowardly runaways," they said. Oh! how voluble they were when relieved from the terrible pressure of fear. How they stared, and smoked, and gossiped. We, too, were quite interested in the scene, feeling assured that the apprehended danger had passed away; so we stared like other people, and saw Santa Ana himself ride by in the midst of his cavalry, distinguished by his dress,—a plain cloth coat, with light trowsers, and slippers,—an undress in which we were told it was his custom to appear off the field of battle.

Some slight symptoms first gave us warning that foreigners were objects of particular remark, and we had retreated from observation before the cries reached us of, "Death to foreigners!" "Death to the English!" but not before we had the pain to see a respectable English woman, with some of her connexions, led by between files of soldiers, for what purpose we could not divine. We afterwards learnt that some soldiers had forcibly entered their house, and taken her and her husband prisoners, after shooting an Englishman who ventured to make some remonstrance. When they reached the Plaza, an officer released the lady immediately; but the doors were all closed, there seemed no refuge for her; so she naturally enough sped home, all unprotected as she was, though she had better have fled as far in any other direction, for she met the most disorderly part of the troops; and some wretched women, who had been robbing her house and were bearing away the plunder, laid violent hands on her, inflicting insult and abuse; and it is doubtful whether they would have left her alive, if some of her Mexican neighbors had not taken pity



on her helpless condition, dragged her into their house, and protected her. This was one amongst the many instances of outrage committed by the scum of the army at the entrance of the town, in the establishments of resident foreigners, whose houses they pillaged, threatening death to all who opposed them. In one instance they rode into the parlor on horseback, to the inexpressible terror of the women and children. The lady in whose house this occurred described it to me afterwards. She was a Spaniard, but she had married an Englishman; and it was in vain she assured the soldiers that she was a Catholic like themselves, that she worshipped before the same high altars. "Come to my chamber," cried she, "and I will show you the holy cross and the sainted Virgin, in whose name I implore you to leave my house in peace." Her lisping Spanish accent told that she was no Mexican, and they looked upon foreigners as their lawful prey:—so the poor lady abandoned her household property, and fled with her children to the old convent of San Juan de Dios hard by, where her husband also took refuge till the storm blew over.

Another gentleman was severely wounded in endeavoring to defend his property, and narrowly escaped with his life. He was fighting single-handed against a set of cowardly fellows, and being a courageous and powerful man, made his way through them into the street, where some officers interposed in his behalf and took him under their protection. He had placed the ladies of his family in what he hoped would prove a place of concealment, and left a manservant, a Mexican, in guard over them, who was shortly after killed before their eyes in endeavoring to keep back some soldiers who had discovered them, and who still attempted to defend his mistress, though struck down by a mortal blow. The men who killed this faithful servant offered no further offence to the ladies than to rob them rather rudely of their watches, rings, and such trinkets as they chanced to have about them; they then insisted on the ladies showing them the way to their house, and all the valuables concealed therein, and with revolting politeness, offered them each an arm as they escorted them through the street. When they reached the house, it had been already pillaged; but the ladies suffered no further importunities; and, sought of their kind countrywomen, they were English, contributed to relieve them in some measure from the desolate condition in which they were placed, robbed of every thing but the clothes they had on.

It must be remarked, that all the violence committed in Zacatecas was the work of the riff-raff of the army, who brought up the rear in the utmost disorder, the officers having pressed forward to assist at the triumphal entrance of the regular troops; but some order

was restored before they reached the more central part of the town, where happily our house was situated. Yet we were not exempt from some attempts at plunder ; to which from the outset it was intended that foreigners should be freely exposed. Several parties of lancers came to our house, sought admission, and asked of the foreigners residing there ; and our sturdy porter threw open the door, but declared there were no foreigners in the house ; that we had gone into the country to escape the wars, and had carried every thing with us, then boldly called on a neighbor to vouch for his truth : so the soldiers turned off, not caring to ransack an empty house.

The numbers and wealth of the English residing in Zacatecas had been greatly exaggerated, and it was confidently asserted that Santa Ana incited his troops with promises of the booty to be gained from foreigners. Their rage against them was also inflamed by exaggerated representations of the numbers who had joined, and the pecuniary assistance they had given, to the army of Zacatecas ; whereas only a few unfortunate adventurers, not exceeding in all more than half a dozen, had by their mad folly—by intermeddling in the revolutionary contests of such a people—exposed the property, safety, and very life of every foreigner in the state. It is not, therefore, surprising, in the midst of the danger and distress which beset us, if a slight feeling of reproach qualified the grief and resentment with which we heard of their violent end. Not that their rashness justified the conquerors in taking their lives. They were prisoners of war, and were entitled to such “tender mercies” as the otherwise merciless extend to the vanquished. But the cruel, the cowardly, the faithless—and such epithets, with all the expletives and *isimos* of which their own superlative language is capable, apply most fitly to some of Santa Ana's favorite leaders—the cruel, the cowardly, and the faithless—where is their mercy ? Ask of the treacherous fate of their murdered victims in Texas, whose blood yet calls for vengeance.

With all Santa Ana's vices, he had never been considered a sanguinary man ; and the only lives taken by his soldiers in Zacatecas, were those of the Englishman and gentleman's servant before mentioned. The several haciendas de Plata in Guadalupe and its vicinity, which were under the charge of foreigners, were entered by parties of lancers immediately after the engagement, the inhabitants insulted and put in peril of their lives, and the establishments ransacked and plundered. What they could not carry off they destroyed, and the unfortunate inmates found themselves robbed of every thing but the clothes in which they concealed themselves or hastily made their escape. After leaving Guadalupe, these excesses

did not extend beyond the houses of foreigners in Zacatecas near the entrance of the town, and the accounts of the butcheries committed there by Santa Ana have been exaggerated.

The regular troops entered at about eight o'clock in the morning. Soon after noon the soldiers were disarmed and disbanded: they ran loose over the town, and swarmed in the eating-houses and drinking shops, which were thrown open towards evening; yet order was maintained and the citizens were unmolested. In case of a drunken fray, a few instances of which occurred, officers were at hand to lay about them with the flat of the sword, and order the offenders off to quarters; so that discipline was preserved amongst those dreaded troops to a degree that was surprising, considering all the circumstances. The officers were quartered on the inhabitants; nor were foreigners exempt from the charge of entertaining them; nor did they wish to avoid it, as the presence of two or three captains or colonels was felt as a protection in those perilous times. We were not sorry, therefore, to learn from the porter in the evening after the entrance of Santa Ana, that four or five of his officers were waiting below, desiring leave to enter and seek refreshment. They were admitted and civilly treated, and entered into free and friendly chat as they sat round the supper table. They took no particular credit to themselves for the victory of the morning; for they said the Zacatecanos certainly were not a warlike people, they were scattered like a flock of sheep. They had never fought with Santa Ana before, but had often been in engagements against him, and spoke rather disrespectfully of "Don Antonito" as they called him. These officers had not the blunt rudeness you might expect to meet with in men of their stamp, and very little coarseness was mingled in their rapid discourse. If a lady appeared, they were off their seats in an instant, bowing, making their compliments, and begging her to enter and join their party. Instead of being troublesome and overbearing, as we had reason to fear, we found them polite and inoffensive guests.

Santa Ana himself was excessively vain of his conquest of Zacatecas, and was heard to boast frequently of his prowess and generalship, and declared his wish to measure his arms with those of some foreign country. Like Alexander, the heroic desire animated him "to spread his conquests farther;" and Texas was the honorable field that soon opened before him. How far his achievements there contributed to his glory is well known to the public, and he became acquainted, sooner than he anticipated, with the force of brave hearts and long rifles.

In Zacatecas Santa Ana made a large addition to his warlike supplies; for it appeared incredible the quantity of cannon, and



military stores of every description that he found, and carried off. The numbers of common soldiers taken prisoners by him in Guadalupe were marched in a few days afterwards—a dismal looking crew, stript of their uniforms, dirty and crest-fallen; and soon after followed cart-loads of regimentals and soldiers' caps. The poor fellows who had worn these so unwillingly were dismissed; but many of them were afterwards pressed into the service of Santa Ana, and found a military despotism yet more oppressive than militia laws.

A change came over the spirit of every thing after this sudden revolution. It was like the blight of the simoom. Business and pleasure were alike prostrated. Public amusements never revived. Once or twice the theatre opened, but the ladies refused to attend, for they abhorred the officers of Santa Ana with all the fervor of which they were capable; they looked upon them as insolent strangers, who appeared every where, swaggering in the streets or figuring in the promenade. Their favorite musicians, who used to give a peculiar life and character to their holiday parades, were scattered with the regiments to which they belonged. The Plaza de Toros was converted into barracks, and the women, whom Santa Ana permitted to follow his army in great numbers, were seen cooking in and around the amphitheatre; whilst the soldiers' horses were turned into the Alameda to tear up the walks and trample over the rose-bushes. This, however, was of short duration; for Santa Ana very soon marched off with the main part of his army, leaving a comandante to rule over the rebellious city, who lost no opportunity in tyrannizing over, and imposing on the inhabitants.

The clergy and the aristocrats, who are generally observed to move hand in hand, have since held sway; and the haughty Spaniards, who are ever on the side of oppression and injustice, have displayed more than their accustomed arrogance and presumption, even to the alienation of many of their former adherents. But strife is abroad again; the fires that have been smouldering beneath the ruins of liberty and justice, have once more burst into flames.

An event which occurred in Zacatecas last February, serves to prove the character of the government that ruled there. A complete slaughter took place of some robbers, who were taken up for the plunder of a small mining village near Sombrerete. Twelve were shot at once. They committed great excesses, and might be said to deserve their fate; yet so many heavy delinquents are pardoned, that it appeared like a butchery the manner in which these men were destroyed; and it tended rather to excite compassion and horror than to serve as an example. They were tried by court

martial in a most summary way, and were condemned without distinguishing between the degrees of guilt, though some of the unlucky fellows seemed to be very little culpable; but the comandante declared his determination to treat all robbers and "*sedition persons*" with the same severity—a threat aimed at the other party, which only served to exasperate them.

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### A STRANGER ON THE BANKS OF THE HUDSON.

By Hudson's winding stream a stranger stood,  
With heart disconsolate, in musing mood,  
And as the stately river glided by,  
Thus to the reckless waves he breathed his sigh.

"Thou graceful, bending, placid stream!  
On thy majestic breast,  
Oh! bear some tidings from afar  
To lull my heart to rest.  
Not faster towards the mighty main  
Thy ceaseless waters roll,  
Than flow the dark tides of regret  
O'er my desponding soul.  
Then bring some absent, long-loved friend  
Upon thy swelling tide,  
For here I weep unblest, alone,  
As past thy bright waves glide."

The broad stream sparkled in the sun,  
And swept its course along,  
In many a ripple murmuring forth  
An answer to his song.  
"The heaving sighs that swell the breeze  
Above these waters fair,  
Float hither, thither—scattered all  
Upon the reckless air.  
The briny tears that wet thy breast,  
Yet fail its griefs to lave,  
May join our course, to dash at last  
In ocean's briny wave!"

And rippling, curling scornfully,  
The laughing flood rolled by,  
And heeded not his falling tears,  
And mocked his bitter sigh.

"Oh! keep within their own sad source  
 These fountains of the eyes,  
 And gather back thy moans, my heart;"  
 The hapless wanderer cries—  
 "These ever-changing, ceaseless waves,  
 The fickle, faithless wind,  
 Are emblems of th' insensate throng,  
 Types of a world unkind."

G. G.

## THE HAPPINESS OF NATURE.

"In reason's ear they all rejoice."

THERE was a curious expression in use among the Greeks in the time of Herodotus, signifying "to let alone," or "leave unmolested." The Greek words are "*εἰς χαίρειν*," and their literal signification is "let rejoice," a term undoubtedly derived from the condition of national intercourse in those times, which was such that people rejoiced most when they were "let alone." Perhaps, however, there was a deeper meaning than this in the words; are they not significant of a disposition for happiness? do they not imply that nature rejoices if left to itself? do they not whisper of universal joy? They certainly intimate that the natural condition of all things is a happy one; and in the expression we may read one of the truths founded in the depths of nature, which the intelligent and profound Greeks discovered so many ages since.

The adaptation of animate and inanimate nature to contribute to the happiness of man has often been pointed out; but there is one distinction even here, which does not seem to be always carefully noticed, namely, that nature contributes essentially to the more elevated and intellectual enjoyments. The world is eminently poetical; it does not merely satisfy our wants, it furnishes more than food and raiment; there are sweet sounds for the ear, and gorgeous magnificence and ineffable beauty displayed to the eye; and these are not separate, but seem to be lavished with unsparing hand where the wants of man do not require them. Nature is essentially poetical; it constantly rises above mere utility into the regions of beauty and fancy. The fruit that is to please the taste is arrayed in the richest colors, and breathes the most delicious fragrance; the flowers that bloom in their loveliness, and send up to heaven their grateful offering of "odors sweet," contain within their cup the nectared juice which is to tempt the appetite; the rivulets flow not with silent, uninterrupted stream,



but go leaping merrily over their stony beds, now tumbling in silver cascades, now widening into sweet lakes which reflect the shores and the skies from their glassy bosom. The deep caverns of ocean with their thousand shapes, the groves of coral, the untold riches, the gems "of purest ray serene," which sparkle for ever in the fathomless depths, the waves which come rolling on cresting and breaking in showers of diamonds on which the rainbows rest, the over-arching firmament of celestial blue, the clouds which hang like golden drapery about the path of the setting sun, or receive the first glance of his rising on their purple edges, the music which fills the air from the sweet warble of the little bird to the deep roar of the sea, the majestic recitative in Nature's anthem, all speak of something loftier than mere physical being ; all are poetry.

The same poetical tendency is visible in all animated Nature. Beast, bird, and insect, are clothed with rich and ever-varying hues ; their forms are symmetrical and beautiful, their motions exquisitely graceful ; so that it seems as if beauty, even more than utility, had been consulted in their formation. All created things appear then to be designed not merely for the physical happiness of man, but to respond to the longing in his soul for high moral and intellectual enjoyment.

And is not man created for the happiness of a higher order of beings as well as for his own enjoyment ? May we not believe that the sons of the morning, they who sang for joy at the world's creation, and those beatified spirits, who, having passed through the trials of an earthly career, have expanded into a loftier state of existence, are made happier ? nay, that they are improved and exalted by the intellectual aspirations of man ? It is a cheering thought, that every noble emotion which is felt upon earth, every high purpose and firm resolve, every soaring thought, or deep and tender sentiment, is registered in heaven and lives for ever. Yes ; the great and good, the patriots and martyrs, the poets and sages, will find recorded in the book of Life, not merely the history of their well-spent lives, but the principles and elevated emotions by which they have been guided ; they will meet and welcome in a better world the immortal ideas to which they gave origin in this, and will recognize their own thoughts mingling and forming a constituent element in the sublime literature of heaven.

All animated nature appears to be formed for happiness ; every living thing rejoices in existence. And we may believe that this benevolent plan is extended still farther—that the object of creation is universal happiness ; and that all nature, inanimate as well as that which lives, trees and flowers, rivers and lakes, seas and oceans, hills and mountains, are full of joy. Who can look upon creation, and

not thus interpret it? Who can hear the glad sounds which nature utters, and not feel that he is listening to a tale of joy? The floods clap their hands; the breezes murmur their contentment amid the forest; the streamlets sing as they rush to their parents' embrace; the flowers smile in the beams of the sun, and expand their virgin buds to meet his warm touch.

There is joy in the morning, when refreshed nature awakes to another day of existence. How beautiful was the ancient fancy which represented the Dawn as a lovely woman rushing forth in her car, attended by the rosy Hours who scattered garlands over the earth, and lighted on her way by the genial torch of Cupid! "The God of gladness" comes forth in his power, and majesty, and glory, and pours a flood of light on the slumbering earth. A thousand golden clouds curtain his pathway; the dew-drops glitter over tree, and flower, and field, and exhale in balmy perfumes to the skies; the groves echo with the songs of birds, and happiness overspreads the earth.

There is joy in the evening as the sun sinks into the embrace of his ocean spouse, and twilight grey "comes stealing on," and the stars one by one "set their watch in the sky." How deep and lovely is the repose! how sweet the sleep of nature as she veils her face in the mantle of night, and the last notes of her evening hymn die away on the ear!

There is joy, wild, reckless, exulting joy, in the storm.

"Oh night,  
And storm, and darkness! ye are wond'rous strong,  
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light  
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along  
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among  
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,  
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,  
And Jura answers through her misty shroud,  
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud."

### A SEPTEMBER TRIP TO CATSKILL.

GRAND exceedingly are the hills of Catskill, and noble supporters to the blue dome that sits so lightly on their architrave. Absorbing beyond belief is an undisturbed contemplation of the forests that cover their valleys. You feel as if the curtain of Time was raised, and you looked upon eternity. Sweet beyond parallel is the miniature map of the Valley of the Hudson as you look down from the table-rock in front of the Mountain House, and dally with the topmost tendrils of the hemlock that finds root a hundred and fifty feet below you. Fantastic beyond conception are the gossamer veils that wreath and circle around the rugged brow of the hill at your left, now clasping his old forehead with its misty coronal, then lifting, with the sportive grace of a fay, its vapory circlet far above the discarded object of its late caresses, until, weary of its upward flight, it sinks drooping and dejected into the valley beneath.

The bell of the Erie tolled a warning to those who had yet to bid adieu to their parting friends, and before the cable that had restrained her impatience at the wharf was coiled upon deck, we were dashing up the Hudson against wind and tide at the rate of seventeen miles an hour. It was in the early part of September, and the breeze came whistling down the river freighted with the first frosts from the lakes, and scarce had we reached the Palasades when a sharp mist was dampening the travelling ardor of some three hundred passengers who were in the motley pursuit of pleasure and business. I buttoned my over-coat up to my throat as I conquered the first inkling of envy that was generated by a peep into the bar-room of the Exchange Hotel on the dock at Poughkeepsie; for there sat a comfortable looking descendant of Adam, reading the Genisee Farmer, with his dexter limb occupying two chairs, before a fire that would have gladdened the heart of a Laplander. Newburgh looked charmingly, though I suppose a slight gleam of sunshine that glanced for a moment along its heights was the cause of its particularly inviting air. The dock at Catskill was slimy from the drizzle of the last six hours, and the cattle attached to the Highlander and Rip Van Winkle stood meekly facing the storm.

Started for the Mountain House, we made our first halt at Van Bergen's, the spot where I suppose the Royal George had once sup-



plied the wherewithal to moisten the husky effects of the pipe of the immortal sleeper, and the old pine tree, by the side of the spring, against which Rip used to rest his gun as he *scooped up* the clear waters of his mountain well, was a fluted column of the same dimensions of some dozen others that ranged on the side-walk as supporters to the piazzas of the rival hotels.

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"Un tres petit chien cela," said the gentleman opposite me to his fair companion, as he pointed to a diminutive specimen of the canine genus that was flying and yelping—tail couchant—from the broom-stick attacks of an enraged milliner in the opposite shop door. That shop was built upon the very spot that was once shaded by "The oak." May the Lord forgive the sacrilegious heedlessness of my countrymen!

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The sun had advanced somewhat in the occident, as we passed through the brick yards that skirt the borders of the town, and after a half hour's drive we alighted at Balt Bloom's Hotel. I had never been far westward, but I imagined the scene presented was worthy a soil a thousand miles nearer the setting sun.

Two strapping youths were standing at the entrance of the tavern in an animated discussion about the "comin election," and as the elder of the two dropped the butt of his gun upon the broad toe of his boot, and thrust both arms half way to the elbow into the side pockets of his velveteen hunting-coat, (his right arm forming a circular rest for the barrel,) I observed the strong expression of vexation on his countenance as he lamented "that the chap who could fill a game bag like that which hung by the side of his companion, could vote for the Petticoat candidate," as he was pleased to style the Hero of Tippicanoe. He turned as he saw strangers coming, and while one foot was resting upon the primitive floor of the bar-room, he brought his rifle to a sight, and with his left eye closed as if ready for aim, he turned his head around to the bar when the other discovered the object of its search.

"Balt Bloom," said the sportsman, "what'll you take for a shot at that cock that's struttin yender as big as any member of congress?"

"Three shillin," sung out a shrill, sharp voice from an inner apartment. It sounded like the echo of one of Dame Van Winkle's highest notes, that had been wandering among these hills since the day its owner had been called to torment the shades of poor Rip and his dog.

"Crack," answered the rifle almost as shrilly.

"He's as dead as Julius Cæsar," coolly remarked the sportsman,

as he chased some coins about his pocket to pay for this cheap gratification of his vanity as a shot at a hundred yards; and as the carriage door closed upon me, Balt's wife had the remains of poor chanticleer in one hand, while the other was extended to receive the forthcoming "shillins."

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At Sax's we again halted, and thence began the ascent of the mountain. The first gatherings of twilight were closing upon the clouds that were lying in heavy masses upon the sides of the hills that stretched to the north, and as the horses breathed a moment at "The Well," we caught the last glimpse of a pretty landscape below that nestled in the bosom of its mountain protectors.

As night had closed its curtain upon us, we followed suit with the windows of our carriage, and the travelling bonnet of its raven-haired owner fell upon the shoulder next her, I had sufficient discretion, if I grumbled at my bachelor lot, to make myself the only auditor of my complaints.

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The wave-like sound of the gong floated upward from hall to hall through the Mountain House, and our party of three were all that answered it in doing honor to the creature comforts that paid tribute to the keen mountain air that had assailed our appetites.

When the last egg had disappeared, I found leisure to take a peep at the appointments of the place.

A solitary lamp glimmered on the table, and its feeble rays made the gloom which hovered around the columns that supported the immense apartment but more shadowy. The couple opposite me were one in every sense, save corporeally; therefore the darkness of Tartarus would have been sunshine to them. For myself, the leaden gloom was oppressive. The ebon statue at the head of the table stood so motionless that I shuddered. A sense of loneliness—a desolate retreat of the heart—the eye moistens if you think of your hearthstone—an indescribable something we have all felt some time or other, crept over me; I courted the friendly companionship of a fire that was blazing in the drawing-room, but the wind moaned piteously around the peaks of the pine orchard in their attempts to keep off the *dyer* from its coronal; but a return spark of the sensation was fanned by the sighing breeze, and the solitude of the immense apartment gave it a shrine to burn upon. Who has not felt this at midnight, when the only tenant of such a place as the Mountain House, a solitary communicant, with its unbroken stillness? He imagines that he is the last representative of his race, and the sensation sweeps over the chords of his heart like the faint breeze upon the loosened strings of an Eolian harp. It whispers

sadly ; one does not feel this if he has the fellowship of nature, though the throb of his own bosom may have been the first that ever broke upon the virgin silence of the place. He feels that God is the architect, and lives himself a worshipper in

"That cathedral boundless as our wonder,  
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply ;  
Its choir the winds and waves, its organ, thunder,  
Its dome, the sky."———

"Mark."

"Sir."

"Will the sun rise clear in the morning?"

"Will Mr. L—— be called at half past 5 or at 9?"

"At half past 5."

"I think it'll rise clare, sir." The Ethiop vanished. That negro deserves a pension at my hands, for the prediction from one of the initiated that I should see a clear sunrise sent my *sensations* to dream-land, where I followed them. I was sorry I had not given Mark the chance of predicting a misty morning, for at sunrise we were literally in the clouds ; but at ten o'clock the dense mass rose from the valleys, and the silver thread of the Hudson meandered through the lower fringes of the weeping veil, till its last bend sparkled in a moment's sunshine, and was lost to the gazers from the Mountain House. The struggle between the sun and clouds was long, and victory seemed alternately perched on either banner, till at last the day god triumphed, and sent the rebellious vapors scampering up hill and mountain.

My heart warmed towards my fellow-travellers as I listened to their expressions of delight. They had seen the wonders of the old world, yet they acknowledged the fresh beauties of the new. They were oddities therefore, and my heart acknowledged them as exceedingly worthy of its admiration.

———

"You are a chubby-cheeked urchin ; tell me your name."

"William Wallace, ma'am."

"Truly a good one for your mountain home," said Mrs. B., who had addressed a boy of five that was playing with a noble dog upon a slight embankment, by which the wagon that was to carry us to the Falls was standing. The child pulled the remnant of his palmeth from his uncombed curls, and gazed with surprise upon the face of the lady-stranger who spoke so kindly to him. Poor boy ! his eyes filled as the lady stepped into the wagon, for he thought that his desolate lot had been pitied. But I should be talking of the mountains, and not its gossip.



These mountain roads are curiosities. The width of your wagon is calculated so nicely, that niches are cut into the hemlocks that the hubs of your wheel may pass untouched, while the edge of your tire will leave a feathery seam on the moss of the trunk. The drapery, too, of these forests. Their hangings of green and russet. Traveller, if you are capless, Leary will have a call from you when you arrive in town.

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It was a breezy September day that smilingly escorted us to the "Falls of the Kauterskill." We stood upon the extremity of the scaffolding that has been erected for the use of visitors and the profit of its owner, and while listening to the lullaby of the Fall, which sent its gentle music up from the pool into which the tiny brooklet fell, we looked down upon the sea of foliage that waved before us. As far as the eye could reach, until it blended with the horizon, lay the interminable forest. The first breath of Autumn had whispered the warning of its wintry monitor, and the golden dye of the alchymist mingled with the gorgeous coloring of an autumnal sunset. It was an hour to dream in, and the imagination of the young wife, who leaned upon the arm of her husband, settled upon the wings of a golden vapor that slumbered within ten feet of her, and, mounting in its aerial car, pursued its flight *four thousand miles* from the spot where she stood. It returned as a ragged urchin broke the general silence with—

"Will you see the Falls, sir?"

"I came here for that purpose," answered I.

"How long will you take? my father lets off the water at a dollar an hour."

Shade of Rip Van Winkle! Thought you, poor ghost, that the free waters of your Kauterskill would have been dammed for money?

Following our youthful guide, who bounded over the natural and artificial steps like a mountain kid, we descended flight after flight into the ravine, and stood upon the table rock at the margin of the basin into which the first fall pitches. It was now no longer a tiny brooklet whose bubble we heard from above, but a circular body of water of perhaps four feet in diameter. The sunshine sparkled upon its smooth surface, where it turned gracefully over its rocky lip, and fell in an unbroken bow one hundred and eighty feet, and its last gleams lingered among the trees that hung protectingly over it. The effect produced by every waterfall upon the beholder varies with the time, season, and attendant circumstances, more than one will suppose when considering their distinctly marked character. With Niagara, though at all times the spirit is bowed down with the awe which its grandeur imposes, this is as true as with the

smallest cascade in the land ; and for years after, even while the thunders from the eternal organ of the former are sounding in our ears, a ludicrous scene at a breakfast-table may ever be associated with the memory of its sublimity. The Kauterskill, upon that bright evening, (and the comparison was not far-fetched,) I likened to a stately queen, upon whose face sorrow had left the traces of its visitation. I doffed my hat to the water-fall in most respectful admiration ; but the glen, the crimson and the orange leaf floating in the pool, subdued me, and the first whisperings of the season breathed a melancholy story of their fall.

From the table rock we went under the Fall sheltered by a rocky ceiling, upon whose dome the moss of centuries had collected a verdant livery ; and, while protected by this adamantine roof, another opportunity was offered for a survey of that unrivalled forest with its foreground guarded by a bow of rotary crystal, whose organ was fitting music for this mountain cathedral. Opposite our first position, we could look from the first to the second Fall, which throws itself eighty feet into the ravine below, and listen to the deep murmurs of the river as it rolled away in the secrecy of its leafy shield. A sunbeam never danced upon its ripple, so sheltered is it. The first advances of twilight reminded us of the road we had to retrace, and after an hour's drive we were again at the Mountain House.

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Contemplative reader ! go to Catskill in September, when the mountain air will give you an appetite for the creature comforts of the Mountain House ; when you will not be jostled by the unthinking crowd, who go there because it is fashionable ; when the deep verdure of its woods is relieved by a rainbow here and there ; when the water at the Falls will be sold at a cheaper rate than in July ; and when, if you will not complain of the company, I will greet you a welcome at the table rock.

G. E. L.

## THE LAND OF PORK.

BY LEWIS RINGE.

Off to the west ! Ah ! well 'tis worth  
 A trip across the Alleghany,  
 To see how Yankees compass earth  
 To make a proselyte or penny.  
 Such thrifty followers, Daniel Boon  
 Scarce dreamed of, when, with flag unfurled,  
 He roamed in hero loneliness,  
 Knight errant of the wilderness,  
 And won the land that must be soon  
 The cornucopia of the world.

Can Speculation enter here ?  
 Ask if the serpent entered Eden ;  
 That glorious garden was no match  
 (Where crops of knowledge were so dear)  
 For these free plains—for stock to feed in ;  
 And as for hogs, yon woody patch  
 Fats more, or would fat if it had 'em,  
 Upon the pure delicious mast,  
 Than ever bristled up to Adam ;  
 And then they multiply so fast,  
 That if, as devils did of yore,  
 The modern devils undertake  
 The whole swine to monopolize,  
 Dismounting every biped boar,  
 All other business they'll forsake,  
 And holy war scarce patronize.

Pork speculation is, of course,  
 Most tempting of all speculations,  
 One of the glorious golden streams  
 The alchemist beheld in dreams,  
 To find whose long-sought magic source  
 Was ours, most favored of the nations.

Saint, sage, and sovereign had grown gray  
 Over their smoking crucibles,  
 And jeweled crowns had fumed away  
 Beneath the gold-enchanter's spells.



Our Yankee guessed they'd been mistaken  
To let their smoke escape, so he  
Caught it, and solved the mystery ;  
Backward the tide of fortune rolled,  
And smoke itself was turned to gold  
The moment pork was turned to bacon,

*Cincinnati, 1837.*

### SKETCHES OF PARIS, No. 3.

#### HAMLET AT THE THEATRE FRANCAIS.

I HAVE just witnessed a representation of Hamlet on the great national stage of France, the stage of the Theatre Français. The piece was announced as from the pen of Ducis, whom we know as the most successful of the French translators of Shakspeare ; and it was to be executed by some of the first *artistes* of the company,—a company in whose ranks was once the great Talma, and of which the most distinguished member at present is Mademoiselle Mars. I shall soon have an opportunity of judging how the English dramatist is appreciated by the French, thought I, as I entered No. 15 of the Stalles de Balcon. I shall soon be enabled to determine for myself, whether all the waggery I have read be true, of the style in which his plots are mutilated, his ideas caricatured, and his language travestied. At least I shall have *one* instance to enlighten me on this subject.

The curtain rose, and before me was an apartment of a palace, into which I was somewhat surprised to see entering King Claudius and Polonius. The King was clad in loosely hanging red vestments. Over his shoulders was flung a black mantle, and his top was surmounted, not by a baby proof of sovereignty, but by a velvet cap, whose loose crown projected forward in the mode called Phrygian at Naples, and which here may be seen only upon the head of a French cook. Polonius was dressed similarly, except that his brow was surrounded by something in the shape of a Turk's turban. I may here remark, that the character of Polonius is as much revolutionized as his dress. He is no more a superannuated, self-conceited

companion of a state. Through his dotage appears nothing to make you smile. He has no dotage, no ludicrous character. He is middle aged, and he talks good, wise advice to you in regular French rhyme.

The majesty of Denmark has been murdered ; his place has been *partially* usurped by the murderer, who is now consulting with Polonius how that place may be permanently secured to him. Thus is he engaged when a noise is heard. Polonius suddenly takes his leave, and the Queen enters. Madame Paradol struck me at once as a very excellent Gertrude. She was brawny and sensual. Her body, her countenance, her voice, her smile, all loudly proclaimed the adultress. I thought that Shakspeare himself would not have moulded his Gertrude otherwise.

After a few moments the King begins to importune her to have their nuptials solemnized. I was a little surprised to find that they were not yet married, and still more when I heard the Queen, in stern round terms, declare that she did not intend to marry. She was filled with remorse at the recollection of her past career in guilt. She was not going to wade deeper in. She was resolved to have Hamlet crowned king. The wrong done the husband was not to be continued over to the son.

"Quand par un crime affreux, je l'ai privé d'un père,  
Il est bien juste au moins qu'il retrouve une mère."

The conclusion was certainly a motherly one. Polonius is instantly called in, and having received orders to make preparations for Hamlet's coronation, makes his bow and departs, looking slyly at the King. Claudius is now advised by his repentant consort in crime to betake himself as quickly as possible to virtuous courses, and to become a loyal subject. Before he has time to respond to this apparently unwelcome suggestion, the Queen waves him away. Left in solitude, she is going on to congratulate herself upon her new and virtuous state of heart, when a *confidante* enters, named Elvira, to inform her that Norceste, the noble friend of her son, has just arrived from England. To him, continues Elvira, your son may reveal the *chagrin fatal* which alarms you. "Do you think so?" asks the Queen. "And why should I not?" responds Elvira. Gertrude then sums up her feelings in the sentiment, that if her son should die without disclosing said *chagrin fatal*, nothing remained for her but to die with him ; and so ends the first act. "Il est tout changé," said I to a Frenchman beside me. "Oui," replied he, "c'est arrangé pour la scene Française." "Vraiment," added I, "et pour le gout Français."

At the beginning of the second act the preceding personages,

Gertrude and Elvira, re-appear. The Queen now, for the first time, discloses to Elvira her share in the murder of the King, and as she goes on to relate how love was the cause of that foul deed, wishes to heaven, and heaven only knows why, that all her sex were present to hear her. In the course of a tedious narration of remorse, and horror, and crime, she is interrupted by the entrance of Norceste. Him she at once beseeches to inquire into the secret cause of her dear son Hamlet's *chagrin*. Left alone, Norceste, in whom I recognized a shadow of the original Horatio, queries why his friend has not opened his heart to his mother. He concludes his cogitations by saying that strange suspicions are afloat at court, and that *there* a great secret is oftentimes no other than a great crime. As he is going out, Voltimond, captain of the guards, meets him, and begs him not to proceed, as the Prince, all trembling, and pale, and wild, was hither rushing, pursued by some invisible vengeance. A sound is heard, a crash, a scream, and Hamlet dashes in, all madly exclaiming—

"Fuis, spectre epouvantable,  
Porte au fond des tombeaux ton aspect redoutable."

He was dressed in black. His coat,—a sort of frock,—was trimmed throughout with fur, and about his waist circled three or four times a large silken cord. Ligier made a very good French Hamlet, but I am almost sure that the walls of the Theatre Français rang with serious applause of gestures, and attitudes, and tones, and expressions of visage, that at Covent Garden would have excited nothing but roars of laughter. "Do you not see it?" continues Hamlet. "It flies above my head; it clasps my very feet; Je me meurs." You see no ghost, you hear no ghost. You are startled by no sepulchral voice come up to earth from its dark prison house. You see no form escaped from sulphurous flames for a brief space, till the matins be near. The poor ghost, alas! may not tell his own tale. But at the solicitation of Norceste, Hamlet tells it for him—that is, Hamlet relates to Norceste what his father's spirit related to him. Thus we get at the matter, though in a sort of second-hand way. How tame, and lifeless, and flat was this in comparison with the solemn vigor of a similar narration in the original! I felt myself some of the *chagrin* which seemed to bear down Hamlet. I felt that the soul of the English bard was not in the scene before me. It was all Frenchified. The house, however, listened breathlessly. The scene was not without its pathos, and I must not fail to add that here and there among the spectators I discovered a white handkerchief. Happy they! They had their own standard of judging and of enjoying. The work of art before them was in con-

formity therewith, and they were deeply impressed. I am not finding fault. Their standards on this subject are different, totally different, from those of an Englishman or an American. It is impossible, while those different standards are recognized, that we should all be similarly impressed by the same work of dramatic art.

The second act closes with a resolution, by Hamlet and Norceste, to take, as the ghost to the former had suggested, the urn holding his father's ashes from its humble resting place. To make assurance doubly sure of what the *spectre épouvantable* had related as to the guilt of the royal sinners, Hamlet desires Norceste to narrate in their presence how an English king was recently poignarded at London, and how the misery under which England now groans was caused by ambition, lust, and adultery. He himself will, in the mean time, stand by and watch the effect of said narration. This scene takes place in the next act. Nothing surely was ever more curiously managed than this. Claudius, Gertrude, Hamlet, and Norceste are on the stage. The latter has just stated the fact of the English king's death. Hamlet asks, in a somewhat significant tone, and with a knowing French slang:—

- “ Mais, qui soupconne-t-on de cet enorme crime ?  
*Norceste.* Un mortel honoré de la publique estime.  
*Hamlet.* Enfin, qui nomme-t-on ?  
*Norceste.* Un prince de son rang  
 Qu'après lui la naissance appellait à son rang.  
*Gertrude.* Vous a-t-on informé qu'il eut quelque complice ?  
*Norceste.* Oui \* \* \* \*  
*Hamlet.* La reine peut-être ?  
*Gertrude.* O ciel ! par quel indice  
 A-t-on pu decouvrir ?  
*Norceste.* Je l'ignore.  
*Gertrude.* En secret  
 Quel motif donne-t-on d'un aussi grand forfait ?  
*Norceste.* L'amour du diadème, une flamme adultere. [*bas a Hamlet.*  
 Il n'est point troublé.  
*Hamlet. (bas a Norceste.)* Non, mais regarde ma mère.”

During all this dialogue, Hamlet looks most intensely and dagger-like into the king's features. But the king's features do not blench for an instant. The Queen only seems a little touched. The King coolly says, “ Let England alone with her griefs, and mourning, and crime ;” and he concludes with a cut, which, reflecting that the piece first appeared in 1769, may well be called cut à la Française.

“ L'Angleterre en forfaits trop souvent fut féconde.”

It is at the close of this third act that we get the first glimpse of



Ophelia; not the Ophelia of Shakspeare—that loveliest of the poet's dreams—so gentle, so timid, so spiritual, so true; the being that, even in the intellectual Hamlet, could enkindle a love which that of forty thousand brothers could not equal. We see an Ophelia, daughter, not of Polonius but of Claudius, with a strong voice and a muscular arm; one who even tries to produce some stage effect by her energetic attitudes. Moreover she sometimes blusters and talks big; now discoursing like a superannuated crone, then like a lusty matron, and very seldom like a trembling virgin in the early bloom and spring-time of her love. Ophelia never goes mad. Indeed, how *could* such a healthy, muscular, matron-like damsel ever go mad for love? She never goes mad, and so I miss one of the most exquisite scenes that ever appeared on any stage. The Ophelia of this play has not a single one of those features which enchants you in the original. It is unspiritualized, it is *unsouled*. All of the angelical which shines out in Shakspeare's creation has vanished, and you are presented with a strange compound, ordinary, unimpressive, unsatisfactory. You turn your back upon such a desecration, and yet you ought hardly so to do; for, remember that you are witnessing an English tragedy, so modified as to harmonize with French ideas of propriety, and to gratify the French taste.

In the fourth act, which is likewise the last, Hamlet appears, *seul*. He is a little mortified to find that his king-trap did not spring better.

"Quoi! ce vil Claudius a donc eu la constance,  
De voir son propre crime avec indifférence!"

Still he is inclined to give credence to the testimony of the ghost. Then he goes into something like the famous soliloquy, wherein Hamlet weighs the goods and ills of life. Here and there you catch glimpses of Shakspeare's thought; but they are only glimpses. "In what," he asks, "shall my cast-down soul take refuge?"

"Mourons. Que craindre encor quand on a cessé d'être?  
La mort \*\*\* c'est le sommeil \*\*\* c'est un reveil peut-être.  
Peut-être \*\*\* Ah c'est ce mot qui glance épouvanté  
L'homme a bord du cercueil par le doute arrêté."

This is not so very bad; and Ligier, whose countenance was thin and pale, whose eye glared wildly, and whose tout ensemble had therein much of the haggard and the suicidal, embodied it well. The soliloquy terminates with "mais, je vois Ophelia." Ophelia enters. An interview, somewhat protracted, ensues—an interview in which Hamlet avers to the damsel his wish to part with life. Ophelia, like an adroit counsellor, sums up with energy the motives, both public and private, which should prevent him from taking any

deadly steps, concluding thus—"these are thy duties; now die, if thou darest."

"Ce sont là tes devoirs : meurs apres, si tu l'oses."

While they are thus discoursing, the queen enters, and questions Hamlet about his sadness; his brow still gloomy and severe, his eye fixed ever on the earth. Just then his father's spirit rises, and a scene follows whose dramatic effect was most electrical. The applause of *bravos* and hands together smote, was deafening. Claudius soon enters. Hamlet eyes him savagely, and threatening revenge, takes his leave. The King being, in a few moments, left alone, is rejoined by Polonius. Now follows a consultation. What shall the King do, who has with him the nobility and the soldiers, to defeat the hostile movements of Hamlet, on whose side is ranged the devotion of the people? The old trick is resorted to. A counsel is to be summoned. He is to be formally presented with the crown, which, with seeming reluctance, he is to accept. This matter arranged, they depart, and in comes Hamlet with Norceste, bearing the cenerary urn. Says Norceste—

"La voila don, seigneur, cette urne redoutable,  
Qui contient d'un héros la cendre déplorable."

The urn was a good large urn; it required both arms of Norceste to embrace and carry it, and had it not been for the sable veil that was flung around it, you might, without bad taste, have mistaken it for a well-charged Pompeian wine-flask. Norceste warmly advises his friend to act with speedy energy for the attainment of his rightful throne. Hamlet says, "No, I live only to revenge my father." Norceste retiring, Ophelia enters. In the ensuing scene, all the masculine hardihood of Ophelia's character breaks forth. She almost *commands* Hamlet, out of love for her, to stifle his hostility against her father, who, she was assured, wished him well. Hamlet says no, and remains inexorable. The nymph Ophelia at once fills her eyes and gestures with the greatest possible quantity of indignation, and having, among other things, exclaimed, "*Va tigre impitoyable*," rushes from the stage. Hamlet, now left alone, communes with the sacred urn. He conjures it under the address, "*O poudre des tombeaux*," to strengthen him for the terrible feat soon to be performed. He swears that the barbarian Claudius shall not enjoy the fruits of his crime. He moreover, adds, that when his revenge is wrought, he has nothing more for which to live. "*Mais que vois-je ?*" It is his mother. The next scene is a sort of substitute for that in the original, where Hamlet wrings his parent's heart, holding up to her eyes the coun-

terfeit presentment of two brothers. He desires her, if she be innocent of her husband's death, to swear it upon the urn ;

"Prenez cette urne, et jurez-moi sur elle."

She tries to place her hand upon it. She hesitates. She tries again, and again she fails. At length, falling back senseless into a chair, she exclaims—

"Je ne puis plus souffrir un objet si funeste."

Elvira now rushes in, all frantic, announcing that Claudius is storming the palace, that Norceste defends the gates, but that he will not be long able to resist. "Let the monster come," shouts Hamlet, and at that moment, to his mental eye the spectre once more appears. This re-appearance was quite unnecessary. Hamlet's courage was sufficiently screwed up to the sticking point. But at the sight he again quaked in all his limbs, his countenance grew pale, his bosom heaved, and a tremendous burst of applause announced that he had touched the heart of the Frenchman. Now crowds in a vast variety of action. Among other things, Hamlet dashes out, and soon returns, proclaiming that vengeance is satisfied, for his father's poisoner has found a death at the portals of the palace. He generously pardons all whom cunning had seduced over to hostile ranks.

Now comes the last scene of the fourth act, and with it the lame and impotent conclusion of the whole drama. Norceste informs Hamlet that the people's voice is loud for his presence. Hamlet, not noticing this, asks his mother if his father's ghost is at length revenged. The mother answers in the negative. She herself was a partner in the crime. Her life must atone therefor. *Elle se tue.* Hamlet, quite forgetting his former deadly resolutions, concludes to survive. My mother has done well to die ; I will do better, I will live. He winds up the piece with this sentiment ;

"Mais je suis homme et roi, réservé pour souffrir,  
Je saurai vivre encore. Je fais plus que mourir."

What becomes of the fair Ophelia ? Heaven only knows: She was lost sight of some time ago. You may, without much French impropriety, imagine her subsequently wedded to Hamlet. Her amorous propensities and muscular constitution warrant such a matrimonial result ; and though it be not quite so poetical as sinking amidst swan-like melodies beneath the melancholy waves, yet may it be quite as well for the continuance of Hamlet's blood in the line of future Danish kings.

"Well, what do you think of Shakspeare in France?" said I to an English gentleman as the curtain fell. "Abominable, wretched, wretched; I have hardly been able to sit it out." I understood his feelings. He could not endure so universal a revolution. He could not patiently bear to see Shakspeare thus stripped of all his attributes. He would have been right in saying, that for France, the greatest poet of all time has never for one moment existed.

The peculiarities and omissions which struck me, were very numerous. The curtain does not fall from the beginning to the end of the performance. There is no shifting of scenes. Every visible and audible thing takes place in the same apartment of the palace. The *unity of place* is thus preserved, and in a strictness that well might have brought an approving smile into the visage of Aristotle himself. I may, however, here note down, that the unities no longer hold a general sovereignty over the French stage. New pieces are continually brought out, violating them without remorse; and here before me lies a drama by Madame Ancelot, which Mademoiselle Mars has just made extremely popular, whose very title,—The Three Epochs,—indicates that it is based upon the total neglect of the unity of time.

Then again no ghost is seen or heard, save by Hamlet. There are no players, no Laertes, no Osric, no Rosencrantz, or Guildenstern; and, alas! no grave-digger. The drama is not indeed performed with the part of Hamlet left out *by particular desire*; but it is performed with an omission of all those scenes wherein Hamlet's character might shine most strikingly forth. Not only are important personages and portions of plot thus recklessly omitted, the characters retained have little or nothing of the stamp impressed upon them by Shakspeare's hand. They seemed to me to be as nearly alike as possible. They had no strong salient points. They were, moreover, as mechanical as any of the automata manufactured by Corneille or Racine. One talked rhyme for a while, and having concluded, or rather having run down, another, who happened to be wound up, touched his vocal spring, and forthwith the organs began to play on nearly the same key, and in almost the same artificial strain. Hamlet himself is quite another person here from what he is on the other side of the channel. He seemed to me decidedly a flat. There is hardly a *bas relief* in his whole character. He has not even the wretched merit of hypocrisy. You see through him at once. The King saw through his badly managed stratagem, and did not betray himself. To me, as doubtless to all others, the charm of Hamlet lies much in the mournful mystery that enfolds him. But the French Hamlet has no mystery. He is as bare and broad as the common day. Moreover, in the Hamlet of Shakspeare



there are a thousand apparent contradictions, apparent only ; for to him who knows the secret impulses which guide and govern his moral frame, they are all harmonious. But the Hamlet I have just seen has neither seeming nor real contradictions. He is as regular as clock-work. There are no counter and cross-currents in the tides of his heart. He does not, as it were, double upon his courses. No. He keeps right on from the beginning to the end of the drama, the same common-place, characterless young gentleman ; seldom looking even melancholy, and never intellectual.

What an impressive catastrophe has Shakspeare given to the action of his characters ! The guilty and the guiltless, the sensual and the pure, the lover and the loved, alike go down to darkness and death. The King and Queen know no more melancholy destiny than that which overmasters Hamlet, and closes for ever around the fair Ophelia. You are perhaps saddened at this ; but you would not have it otherwise for the world. What a pitiful exit has Ducis substituted for the gratification of French taste ! Ophelia is not made away with at all. The King is *said* to have been killed. The Queen shuffles herself very unnecessarily out of existence, and Hamlet concludes to live on until Nature shall see fit to despatch him herself. The end is perhaps worthy the beginning and the middle. It is all ordinary and characterless, without signification and without aim ; and truly may you say, if Shakspeare be known to the French only through such translations as this by Ducis, he is not known to the French at all. To them is he now, as probably he will ever be, a closely-sealed volume.

The pieces which closed the evening's representation, were *L'Ecole des Femmes* and *La Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes*. These fine productions of Moliere were most admirably performed and most enthusiastically applauded. I perceived at once that here the French were completely at home. Here was French character embodied in French forms, French voices, and French gestures. Moliere at London would doubtless make as sorry a figure as does Shakspeare at Paris. His felicities of thought are so intermingled, so intermarried, with his felicities of language, that you cannot peaceably divorce them. There was, moreover, about the performance a piquancy, a raciness that enchanted me. Each of the *artistes* seemed a star. What universal propriety, and ease, and self-possession ! I shall not soon forget the ever-shifting expression of Mademoiselle Plessy, nor thy infinite variety of graceful gesticulation, Charles Mirecour.

The half-argumentative conversation in *La Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes* was beyond all praise. There is nothing on the English stage that could approach it. The entire scene was to me a beau

ideal of genteel discourse and elegant manners. The graceful *abandon* of each performer was irresistible. I have seen nothing like it in any actor or actress of any other nation. If the French language be peculiarly fitted for conversation, the French are the peculiar people who know how to use it. By them is it intermingled with shrugs, and gestures, numberless movements of body, turns of the eye, plays of the features, and varyings of the voice. In the representation I have just seen, it was but one among these half a dozen avenues of thought. The combination was extremely expressive, and I left my box, not only with a new and keener appreciation of the genius of Moliere, but likewise with a livelier feeling of the charms of French conversations upon the French stage.

J. J. J.

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### THE PREMIER'S STORY.\*

You have doubtless heard, my friends, of the Isle of France, and that it lies in the Indian Ocean? I have been there; and it is in that island that the scene is laid of the events which I am now to have the honor to recount to you, and of which I was an eye and an ear witness.

I do not know whether, according to the rules on these occasions, I am at liberty to indulge in so much egotism as to inform you how and why I went there? It is, however, so soon told, that I will trust to the indulgence of my auditors. I went to the Isle of France from the kingdom, or rather republic, of that name, for two reasons. First, because I judged it better,—seeing that the guillotine became every day more and more indiscriminating between the deserving and undeserving,—that I should leave France and keep my head on my shoulders, than remain and have it separated. I was, besides, allowed to possess a very handsome neck, and I could not bear the idea of having it divided by that contrivance, ingenious as it was, and humane as it was said to be. Secondly, I went to the Isle of

\* This story may be said to have been almost literally transcribed from the lips of M. de Villele, the narrator, who was minister of Charles X. at the time, 1827, and for some years before.

France in preference to all the other places on the globe which contended in my mind for the honor of receiving me, because I had some small property there which had been left me by a relation :— a recommendation which no other spot in the civilized world presented to me.

There went passenger in the same ship with me, a young man of my own age and rank in life, between whom and myself, long before the voyage ended, there were formed the closest friendship and confidence that ever existed. All the great friendships that you read of in history, sacred or profane—Jonathan and David, Damon and Pythias, Nisus and Euryalus, Brutus and Cassius, and the rest whose names I do not remember—were nothing compared to that which we entertained for each other.

The young man was going out, too, on an errand similar to my own. One of his relations had died in the island, and, as it was reported at home, had left a large property, of which he was made the principal heir. He was going out to seek for the estate, without any very poignant grief at the decease of his uncle, whom he had never seen, but with a high respect for his memory, from the report of his good qualities, heightened in no small degree by the affectionate care which he was said to have taken of his nephew by his testament.

We carried letters to the same merchants, and on our arrival continued as inseparable friends as on shipboard. We lived under the same roof, visited the same hospitable people, and each made the other's affairs entirely his own.

We had not been many weeks in the island, before my good friend discovered that the prospects of his succession were far from being as brilliant as report at a distance had made them. The amount had been magnified nineteen times beyond the truth ; and the old gentleman had, with the advice and assistance of an expert notary, made a testament which all the procureurs and advocates on the island were now engaged in explaining at the expense of the estate, or rather of his heir. The funds, it is true, were in the hands of the tribunal, and therefore safe from embezzlement. But the able and contradictory contestations of the learned advocates of the different legatees, as well as his own, were soon ordered to be paid out of the proceeds, while the rest was held subject to the decision to be thereafter pronounced. In return, however, the lawyers all promised with one voice, each his own client, that the affair should be speedily terminated in his favor, though they would not venture to predict the precise time when. In the mean time arguments still more able and conclusive were again written and submitted on all sides.

When the cause had reached this point, my friend, who had studied

the civil law somewhat in France, and was of course conversant in such matters, declared to me at once that it would be a question for posterity ; and finding his situation beginning to border on the desperate, he was concluding to betake himself to some other pursuit ; and if he could not find employment that suited him in the peaceful walks of life, to distinguish himself by deeds in arms. At the very moment that he was ready to decide on quitting the island never to return to it,—that is, not until his lawsuit was ended—he saw and became deeply enamoured of a beautiful girl, the daughter and only child of a planter of some wealth on the island ; in fact, the richest planter in it. For fear, however, I may give you ideas too extravagant of his opulence, I must apprise you that there was not an individual among them that you would not smile to hear called rich in Paris.

Whether young men in the desperate circumstances of my friend are naturally inclined to fall desperately in love, particularly with heiresses, I cannot take upon myself to decide. I must, however, affirm, in bare justice to the lady, that her beauty alone was sufficient to make the most unfortunate young man in the world forget his own poverty while he gazed upon her. When my hero first saw her, he forgot for the moment the death of his relation, his unlucky testament, and his lawsuit. If he had been the richest proprietor on the island, or indeed sole owner of it, he could not have been more indifferent to the state of his own affairs. He would perhaps have been incapable of a light impression. It would have required an extraordinary shock to rouse his heart from the lethargy which his ill-fortune in the world was bringing by degrees upon it. But I will not stop to philosophize at this stage of my history.

The young lady, who so unexpectedly became the object of my friend's adoration, had the longest train of admirers of any lady on the island. In fact, all the young gentlemen it contained were at her heels ; while she, by being in no hurry to make a choice among them, seemed to be very difficult to please. To be sure, if one could have trusted the reports that circulated constantly, the young lady chose every day a new favorite and discarded the old ones ! It is possible she may have seen cause to change her mind very often. At all events, the whole island, where you know there were few people, and still fewer events to occupy their lively imaginations, found its chief amusement in marrying and unmarried single people, among whom this belle came in for a most plentiful supply of husbands !

My friend, who had heard the young lady often spoken of in this way, and described as the perfection of beauty and the *ne plus ultra* of riches, used to smile at the exaggeration of the simple Islanders



—to pity their taste in beauty, and laugh at their ideas of wealth ! He was far from dreaming of what was about to befall him, when he accepted the invitation of a planter to his house one evening, and on his arrival found assembled a gay party of young ladies and gentlemen, amusing themselves alternately with what was called dancing, and supposed to be singing. In Paris they would be called by very different names, if we except two or three that leaped more carefully, and as many more that had the most delightful voices on earth but sang tunes that were in fashion in the time of king Dagobert. At the moment he entered the apartment, the young lady I have mentioned was singing, in the voice of an angel, an air that had just found its way to that island, after being twenty years forgotten at Paris. He recollected to have heard his mother sing it, when he was a boy of five years of age, to a niece who wished to hear one of the tunes that were in fashion when her aunt was a young woman.

Still, with such a voice, the songs of the Savoyard minstrels, which are hooted at by our chimney-sweeps, would have appeared divine ; and he joined as warmly in the applause as the rest when the song was finished. He did more ; for though this was the first time he had ever beheld her, he fell instantly and irretrievably in love, at least as soon as he had learnt *who it was* that had so divine a voice, and so heavenly a face and form.

I wish, my dear Vicomte, I could borrow a description from you, to convey to you some idea of the delicate symmetry of her form, the sweet expression of her countenance, the sparkling brilliancy of her eye, which exactly matched her jet-black hair—of her ripe, melting lips, evidently made to be kissed—of that rich, dark, glowing complexion, which blended the transparency of the *blonde* with the bright, sunny tints of the loveliest *brunette*. But I despair of giving you an adequate conception of her charms, and therefore you must rest content with being informed that she was universally admitted to be the handsomest woman in the “world !” Whether that was understood to mean “the Island,” I do not know ; but I assure you the people there had good reason to believe it was true, if they used it in its most extensive signification.

The lady soon detected his ardent glances of admiration, and with some symptoms of confusion turned her head ; but it was to ask of the hostess—“Who was that stranger who stared at her so impertinently ?” Luckily my friend did not hear it, or it might have changed the resolution which he formed at that moment to become her husband. He had something of the Frenchman in him, both of gallantry and vanity ; and if there are any other amiable traits for which our nation is justly celebrated, I shall expect you to give my hero credit

for his proper share of them. He had at least one, which is important in love as well as in war and politics. He had a courage, tempered with discretion, sometimes called assurance, which some have found a very good substitute for all the great talents and qualities in the world.

He had also one advantage over nearly all his rivals, he was of European birth ; and among the French Creoles of that island a native of France may assume the same superiority that the kingdom itself, which he is supposed to represent, enjoys over that islet. In his own mind at least that relative rank is incontestibly settled.

I cannot say whether my friend, as I have described him, was very perfect in the "Art of Love ;" but he was a man capable of profiting by his own experience. He had been engaged—as who has not ?—in some trifling affairs of the heart before he left his own country ; and the result of them had led him to adopt, as his first maxim, "never to take the first refusal ;" as his second, "to consider the second and third as of no more consequence ;" and his third, "not to consider any certain number as final and conclusive while his passion lasted." In my opinion, Messieurs, such a person, of inferior talents for pleasing at the commencement, may be a very dangerous man among the fair sex in the long run ; nature has formed them with hearts so tender.

But he did not stop to anticipate rejections. He resolved to win the prize, which appeared to offer so many irresistible temptations ; to encounter all the dangers, submit to all the toils, which human nature was capable of sustaining. The father had been pointed out to him at the same time he had inquired who the daughter was ; and he now approached him, and entered into a conversation upon the different beauties in the room. "There was one above all," he affirmed, "there present, who was not only the handsomest woman he had seen on the Island, but he had never seen one in France, among the most celebrated belles, that could compare with her. Nor in any other part of Europe," he added. That was a safe assertion however, as he had never set his foot upon the soil of any other kingdom, state, or principality in that continent. In all these praises of her beauty, Messieurs, I will be the guaranty for his sincerity ; as it was natural that she should appear more beautiful to him, being present, than those other beauties of whom his recollection was obscured by the lapse of time, and the immense distance which separated them. Any sensible man in his place would have preferred her, as matters then stood, to all the beauties of France put together.

The father, who suspected that all this transporting admiration was excited by his own beautiful daughter, wished to be certain ;

and when my friend had finished his eulogy upon the beauty and grace of the lady, very innocently inquired, "which lady Monsieur referred to?" "The young lady, certainly, who sang just now—who else *could* I refer to?" said he with some surprise. "Can you inform me who she is?" whispered he. "Oh! you are too good, sir; that lady is my daughter!"

A volley of pardons, apologies, and excuses, with which, of course, he stood ready charged, now succeeded; and his confusion was so well affected that the father, to put him more at ease, invited him to take a glass of punch with him—a beverage very fashionable in that climate among all classes, not always excepting the *beau sexe*.

The old gentleman cordially invited him to come to his house next day, and drink some of his own making with him. It is probable that he would have accepted the invitation even if he had not begun to look upon him as his future father-in-law. He faithfully engaged to come in the afternoon, and passing from the punch to the lady, inquired if his daughter had not been educated in Paris?

"Oh no; why do you think so?" asked the father.

"Ah! from her tournure, her air, her graceful manner."

"Oh! Monsieur, you are too good; my daughter has not been in France, though I intended to have sent her there for her education but for the Revolution. She has not wanted for masters who came from France. But you suppose, perhaps, like the rest of your countrymen who come here, that one cannot speak French if they have not been educated in France. You shall see if my daughter speaks the language—come with me, I will have the honor to present you to her and her mother."

There was many an envious eye turned on my friend as he was led up by the father, and presented, with a state and ceremony that you meet with nowhere now-a-days but on the stage or in the remotest provinces, to the two most distinguished ladies in the Island. The father, with less ceremony, then pulled him down upon a vacant seat which stood near them, and leaving him to do the agreeable, went to invite somebody else to drink another glass of punch with him, which was his favorite way of making friendships.

After what I have said of the surpassing beauty of the fair Adèle (that was her name,) you will perhaps expect to hear a candid admission that she was a little deficient in those two qualities, in which, either from nature or education, your great beauties are not apt to excel—I mean sense and sensibility. I will not conceal from you that there were some ill-natured females who pretended that Adèle, for all the pains that had been taken in her education, had by no means profited as she ought by the efforts of her teacher:



though, whether it was owing to a want of correspondent efforts on her part, or to some involuntary defect, they would not pretend to decide ; probably both. But ill-natured people are always in the wrong, both about their own capacity and in their judgments of that of other people. I remember, when I was a young man, a lad of some eighteen, I went one morning to pay my respects to a lady of rank, who had a dozen of her own sex around her, and the subject of conversation was a young woman who had just left the house as I came in. They were all agreed that she was the ugliest she-devil that ever existed ; and, to make her still more disagreeable, *bête* as she was, she made pretensions to *d'esprit* ! A scream of laughter in chorus was the commentary ; and all agreed that nothing but an amiable temper, which, of course, she never could have, and an infinite modesty, which was equally impossible, could make her supportable ; as it was, she would always be the most foolish and disgusting of *precieuses ridicules*. The lady was not so very ugly, though certainly not beautiful ; but as to her understanding, you will be able to say how much attention is to be paid to the opinions of the coteries when I tell you that the lady was then Mademoiselle NECKAR, afterwards BARONESS DE STAEL. I assure you I have often reflected upon the figure those ladies would have made if they could have lived to see her at the zenith of her reputation. They would have burst with spite and envy. They were all saved from that catastrophe by dying the natural death of the succeeding years, by the guillotine. Since then, I have been more careful in adopting the opinions which ladies, however amiable, express of each other.

But I am losing the thread of my story.

The beautiful Adèle, then, you must understand, had a certain manner of talking that was not wise ; in fact, appeared almost childish ! My friend was sadly disappointed in her conversation, and could hardly recover himself from his surprise at hearing such *enfantillage* from lips so full of expression ; and at finding that an eye so brilliant and sparkling could conceal a mind which appeared so utterly destitute of animation. His prospects of matrimonial felicity began already to be woefully clouded. He felt that it would be rather a sacrifice, a painful complaisance, to listen several hours in each day to the conversation of such an *enfant gaté*. The young lady did not utter any thing so absurd or ridiculous, but her whole conversation appeared to be limited to certain "phrases banales"—common-places of the Island—which indicated a provincial turn of mind and thought, and a certain simplicity which he found it difficult, in spite of all his exertions, sincerely and cordially to admire. Every circle out of Paris, I believe, and even some in it, which



pretend to a high tone, have multitudes of these conventionalisms of expression and of topics—a kind of conventional wit and allusions, which are not only ridiculous in themselves, but detestable to a man accustomed to the society of people of true taste and refinement. My friend had occasion for all his perseverance in attempting to lead away the fair Adèle from those provincial topics which passed for elegant in the fashionable circles of the Island. No matter what subject he tried to start, she took no notice of it, but continued to talk always in the same strain. The petty affairs of the Island, of which she took it for granted he must have heard every thing in Europe, appeared to be all that she could think or speak of; and as she talked to him precisely as to one of the natives, he was obliged at every sentence to ask for translations of words new to him, and explanations of affairs of which he had never heard a syllable before. The lady had the goodness to give them, but the explanations were only fresh mysteries—more unintelligible than the former. If she had not been both handsome and rich, he would have seen very serious obstacles to his conjugal felicity. As it was, he recollected to have heard it said by some sensible people, that a *mariage de convenance* was as likely to prove happy as a match of mere love, and he at once adopted that opinion.

Having arrived at that conclusion, he ceased to be impatient, and at once banished his chagrin at finding that the lady had some slight imperfections. He contented himself with listening to her and gazing at her beauty, which scarcely appeared to attract her observation. By and by her stock of conversation upon the affairs of the Island and her relations, of what this one had said and that one had done the year before, ended; and she suddenly changed her style from the narrative to the interrogative.

“Are you of Paris, Monsieur?”

“I was,” said he, “while Paris was Paris! now I have no home but this Isle of France, where I suppose I shall live in future.”

“Ah! you will find it a charming residence,” said she. “Do you not like the simple manners of its inhabitants?”

Before he had time to express a compliment to the hospitality of the people and the beauty of the ladies, she asked him, in a careless way, if he were married?

“Ah, no!” said he, “that is one calamity which has not yet overtaken me.”

“And you think it such a calamity!” said she, very carelessly, as if she did not expect an answer.

“Unless we marry those we love,—certainly the greatest,” said he, with emphasis.

At the sound of the word *love*, the young lady appeared to revive, and to exhibit some interest in the conversation.

"Ah! true," said she, raising up her long silken eye-lashes; "in France they do not marry from love, but from interest!"

"Not always," said he, laughing; "they now and then marry from love when every thing else is pleasing to the parents and relations. But it is considered rather *bourgeois* among the young as well as the old now to marry for love! The Revolution has not changed things for the better in that particular. But how is it in this Island? Has love gone out of fashion here too?"

"Indeed not! those who love each other, generally get the consent of their parents without difficulty. They seldom make objections on the score of interest."

"Is it possible? It ought to be a terrestrial paradise! If that be the case, I must look out for a wife myself; that is, as soon as I can learn how to make love to the ladies according to the customs of the Island! Can you inform me what they are?"

"There are no rules upon the subject that I have heard of," said she, smiling; "and if there were, I should be the worst person in the world to instruct you in them."

"Is it permitted, for example, to declare one's admiration at the first interview?" said he in a low and tender tone.

She answered that it would probably be deemed an indiscretion to do so, as it might lead his sincerity to be questioned, and it would be carrying mere gallantry too far to pretend a passion at first sight.

"How then!" exclaimed he; "you do not believe in love at first sight, Mademoiselle, when you compel every body else to do so?" with an air, half gallant, half sentimental.

"Monsieur," said she, with a charming smile that showed she was too well-bred to be ruffled by a compliment, "I have always heard that those who fall in love so quickly are very apt to get over their passion with the same expedition; or rather find that they were mistaken at the second interview, and that they only fancied themselves in love! Besides, your sex are such dissemblers, that ours can only discover the truth by proving the lover's constancy for a long time and in a great variety of ways."

"Eh!" thought he; "that observation is not so very simple. *Elle n'est pas si bête.*"

As he made that reflection, he cried out—

"Oh! it is only the wicked of our sex who dissemble in that manner; but it is a much worse dissimulation to *conceal* a passion which a beautiful and charming woman has inspired, than to pretend one where it is not so felt. Is it not, Mademoiselle?"

"Monsieur!" said she, with a lively laugh, "I believe there are few of your sex who ever *reproach* themselves for any dissimulation to ours."

"Ah! but I have a very tender conscience," said he; "and it reproaches me now for suppressing my sentiments."

The young lady laughed as if she did not believe a word of it, but was too much in the habit of hearing such things to treat them seriously. The gay, graceful laugh, which seemed natural to her, was all the reply she deigned to it. Her laughter, by the way, was one of her peculiarities; for though she laughed a great deal, it did not make her appear silly; and that, let me tell you, for fear I may forget it, my friends, I have always found a sign of extraordinary merit in a woman. In fact, it is a high merit in itself.

The mother, who had been absent from her seat, now returned, and took the conversation into her own hands; so that no further opportunity occurred to renew the subject. The lover continued to gaze at her beautiful features till he was satisfied that they were entirely free from fault or blemish, and that, doubtless, is a proof that he was really in love. His worship was no doubt observed by the lady, for in those matters they are much more sharp-sighted than our sex. It is true that vanity sometimes makes them too credulous; but where is the man so sensible that can say he has never been led into mistakes quite as serious from the same cause? Let us do that amiable sex justice as we go along, and confess that they more often impose on our credulity than their own.

My friend retracted his hasty impression with regard to the good sense of his charmer, and made up his mind that she must be descended in a direct line from the wise men of the East. He swore to himself that she possessed as much wit and discretion as any of her sex in modern times. He congratulated himself, above all, on the uncommon sweetness of her temper, of which there could be no doubt. He would have readily foregone many brilliant talents for that less striking but more useful one. Now he discovered that they were all combined in her. In fact, my dear Vicomte, though I will not dispute the point of beauty with your heroine, I believe you will allow that mine was vastly more amiable. For her lover paid a great many compliments and attentions to other beauties of the Island that evening without receiving a single unkind look from the fair Adèle. She did not give herself the least trouble about it.

Before the party broke up, he took care to inform her that he was coming the next day to pay a visit to her father according to appointment, and he fancied that the lady's smile of approbation was a direct encouragement. Upon the strength of it, he went



home in the highest spirits to indulge in dreams and visions of the future.

You will more easily conceive than I can describe the ecstasies of a lover who imagined that he had made so favorable impressions. He dwelt on her perfections in the most glowing terms, and ended with a solemn vow that he would make her his at all events, at all hazards, in spite of all obstacles ; and immediately—that is—if she would consent to it. And surely she could not be so cruel as to refuse a lover who adored her—who loved her so tenderly ; and who, besides, would otherwise be a ruined man—thanks to the skill of the expert notary.

Such being his unalterable resolve, and the subject now engrossing all his faculties, he hardly knew any thing that happened until the afternoon of the next day, when he found himself entering the father's house, which was situated on a delightful eminence, surrounded by orange groves and overlooking the harbor. He had fully made up his mind to acquaint the lady with his sentiments. He, however, determined to be guided by circumstances, and not to risk any thing by too great abruptness. He resolved to postpone demanding her hand from the father, but in the mean time to win his favor so securely that, when the favorable moment arrived, he should be at once acknowledged as his son-in-law. As he sat alone in the dining-room, waiting for the appearance of the father, but praying that the daughter might come in his stead, he cast his eyes around on the massive plate which was displayed on all sides, and said to himself : " Her fortune must be more considerable than I thought. There is an air of solid riches about this worthy old gentleman that I like. But no matter for that," thought he again, as the beauty and charms of the daughter rose up to his fancy ; " I would marry the girl for love alone, if it were not for the imprudence of it."

" Bah !" cried the Vicomte ; " your hero deserved to lose his mistress for ever, for stopping to think of imprudence when he was going to declare his passion. He was only half in love, and a moiety of that half was with the lady's fortune."

" My dear Vicomte," said M. de Villèle, " I will not undertake to discuss a subject with you on which I know you are so much stronger than myself. But how can you doubt his sincerity, when I inform you that he had determined to fight forty-five duels if necessary to win her. If that do not prove his love, what the devil does it prove ? He had more than once vowed that he could not *live without her* ; and indeed it was very evident that he could not, unless his lawsuit should be speedily decided in his favor.



"Pardon," said the Vicomte; "I am satisfied of the ardor of his passion—pray go on."

"If you are not more careful where you interrupt me," said M. de Villèle, "I shall be obliged to begin again at the beginning. But I remember he was waiting for the father to make his appearance. The daughter, however, came in his place, as he was engaged with some people in affairs of importance, but would soon be at leisure. Luckily the mother was confined to her room by a violent tooth-ache; and though the lover expressed great regret to hear it, he could not entirely conceal the joy with which the information inspired him.

*To be continued.*

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## DON JUAN OF BRAGANZA,

OR

### THE REVOLT OF PORTUGAL.

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FROM THE GERMAN OF J. SPORSCHILL.

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TRUSTING to his favoring stars, the adventurous mariner looks abroad with courage and confidence over the turbulent waste of waters. Now, by a skilful manœuvre, he escapes from the destruction menaced by a mountain wave; and anon he ploughs with brave bearing the foaming billows, or dashes boldly through roaring breakers, till, emerging from the perils of the raging element, he casts back a proud and gratified look on the wild turmoil, as he glides rejoicingly with his rich cargo into a secure and peaceful haven.

Over such a turbulent and threatening ocean, amid such yesty billows and through similar perilous breakers, did Don JUAN OF BRAGANZA—the Octavius Augustus of his family—relying on his fortune and talents, successfully and triumphantly steer; and the vessel of state, saved by his courage and skill, was Portugal's royal crown.

Portugal's day of glory and power had long since passed away,

and the iron yoke of Castile pressed heavily on the unhappy land. Under the administration of the detested Olivarez—the all-powerful minister of Philip IV.—oppression was pushed beyond endurance. That haughty and imperious tyrant resolved to blot out Portugal utterly from the list of nations, and annex her territories to Castile as a dependent province. With this view all the important offices were conferred on foreigners, base-born, rapacious minions of the minister. Don Miguel de Vasconcellos alone, the Secretary of State at Lisbon, was a native citizen; but he was noted for his unbounded subserviency to the interests of Olivarez, whose fit and willing instrument he proved himself in all the efforts made to crush the national strength of his country. Restless, proud, and cruel, he deported himself, in his intercourse with others, as if clothed with sovereign power. The Vice-Queen—the noble Margaret of Savoy, Duchess of Mantua—was a mere nominal ruler; for Vasconcellos governed in all things with uncontrolled sway. Hated by the nobility, whom his haughty demeanor displeased and insulted, the Secretary hated them cordially in return; and contrived, by his insidious spirit of intrigue, to produce and foment jealousies and quarrels among the first families of the realm. But his chief policy, his most artful finesse, consisted in exhausting the resources of the people by excessive taxation. Even the most indispensable necessities of life were burdened with exorbitant excise.

Portugal suffered and sighed; but, as a recompense for the grievances endured, the Royal Gallery at Buen Retiro was enlarged and embellished! To the complaints and remonstrances of the oppressed Portuguese, Olivarez made this heartless reply—"The expenditures of monarchs are not to be regulated or restricted by the miseries of their subjects!" While, on the other hand, the wealth of the kingdom was transferred to foreign coffers, its natural resources were, on the other, exhausted and extinguished. Prejudicial treaties and conventions had long since opened the Portuguese colonies to the rapacity of commercial adventurers from other countries. The once dreaded naval power of the nation was annihilated; Guinea and a large part of India were lost; the Spice Islands had been ceded to Castile; and Cadiz had supplanted Lisbon as the chief mart of commerce. The fortresses, for the erection of which the nation had appropriated and applied the third part of its revenues, had, through intentional neglect, become dilapidated, that the country might find no defence in them. Even the administration of justice, that efficient check to lawless invasions of private rights and personal security, was corrupted, perverted, and neglected; and the Portuguese tribunals were declared incompetent to decide in any controversy occurring between native citizens and Cas-

tilian subjects. Finally, Olivarez designed to cap the climax of oppression by depriving the kingdom of the flower of its nobility. The insurrection in Catalonia furnished the wished-for pretext. The nobility and their retainers were summoned *en masse*; and the estates, honors, and lives of those who were refractory or disobedient, were pronounced forfeit. This harsh measure caused an universal burst of indignation throughout the land. "We are required," it was said, "to shed our blood in a cause alien to us and our feelings. Ours will be the danger of the struggle, while Castilians alone will, in the event of success, engross the honors and benefits!" Too distinctly was the fate of the Dukes of Egmont and Hoorne remembered; too recent was the insulting demand made by Olivarez from the deputation of the Portuguese nobles, to consent to a union of Portugal with Castile, so that thenceforward the latter alone should be named; and too well was it recollected, that on their refusal to accede to this degrading proposal, the Dukes of Portleger, Miranda, Prado, Cruz, and Sabugal had been cast into prison by the domineering minister! How, then, could his present object be misconceived? A recourse to arms was indispensable! Honor, life, and liberty were at stake! Such were the sentiments of the people—such was the situation of Portugal in the fate-fraught year 1640.

One man alone seemed blind to the dangers impending over the country, mocking the general dismay by luxurious feasts and lavish dissipation, and devoting himself wholly to the enjoyment of pleasure, while the hearts of the Portuguese were filled with consternation and mourning. To the sorrow of most and the astonishment of all, this individual was Duke JUAN DE BRAGANZA, the richest landed proprietor in the kingdom, and by descent the legitimate sovereign of the country. The fundamental law of the realm, acknowledged at Lamego by king and people, had established the succession in the female line in default of male heirs; but the heiress was required, on pain of exclusion from the throne, to select a native Portuguese for her husband. Hence, when the male line became extinct by the death of Cardinal Don Henry, the Infanta Catharine, daughter of Prince Edward the son of King Emanuel the Great—and who had been married to Duke James of Braganza—was the legitimate queen; and consequently, after her death, her grandson, Juan de Braganza, was entitled to the throne as the rightful king. This claim of the house of Braganza to the sovereignty of the kingdom, was acknowledged in the hearts of the Portuguese, while the progress of tyranny and oppression under their foreign rulers produced universally among the people the wish and hope of having once more a native-born king. But vain would

this cherished hope have proved, if Don Juan had possessed the impetuous spirit and restless ambition of his father, Don Theodore. He would infallibly have fallen a victim to Castilian jealousy; and with him would have perished for ever the fortunes of his house and the fond hopes of Portugal. With adroit and consummate policy he concealed the meditated plans of his aspiring soul, shrouding himself within an impenetrable veil of dissimulation. He secluded himself within his palace at Villavicioza; seemed to be occupied exclusively with hunting and rural sports; gave expensive balls and festive entertainments; and affected to have fondness only for boisterous amusements and effeminate pleasures. Nothing could induce him to take an active part in public affairs, nothing could arouse him from his apparent supineness and apathy, or turn his regard to matters of national concern. In this manner he lulled to rest the suspicions of the Spanish court, and Olivarez was persuaded to regard him as in truth the harmless, spiritless, and unambitious being he appeared to be.

But in the year 1633 popular commotions and disturbances suddenly occurred in Lisbon, Brague, and Evora. Every where the excited populace exclaimed—"Death to the Castilians! Long live the Duke of Braganza!" By these events and these bursts of popular enthusiasm, Olivarez discovered who was the most dangerous person in Portugal; and he instantly resolved to secure the Duke of Braganza at every hazard. Undisguised force he feared to employ, for he dreaded the opposition of the populace. As a preliminary step in the policy of the minister, the government of Milan was offered to the Duke. But the wary nobleman declined accepting the appointment, alleging that he was unacquainted with the affairs of that territory. He was then required, as hereditary constable of the kingdom, to assume his proper station at the head of the nobility, and participate in the expedition against Catalonia. The honors which he would undoubtedly acquire by thus fighting under the immediate eye of the king, were flatteringly presented as inducements for compliance. Don Juan, however, courteously evaded this requisition also, pleading in excuse the disordered state of his finances, and was thus enabled to remain in comfortable retirement at Villavicioza. But the doubts and apprehensions of Olivarez continued to increase. The Duke soon afterwards received a royal rescript, committing to him the defence of the Portuguese coasts, threatened with invasion by a French flotilla. The order conferred on him almost unlimited power to strengthen the garrisons of the various fortresses, and to appoint officers at his discretion. The Duke neither could nor dared decline the honorable appointment, though aware that it was designed merely as a new



snare for him. Don Lopez Ozorio, the Spanish admiral, had, in fact, secret instructions to allure him on board his flag-ship, and send him in irons to Spain as a prisoner of State. Providentially a sudden storm dispersed and destroyed the invading flotilla, and thus extricated the Duke from this peril. Yet Olivarez desisted not. Another and most flattering letter invited Don Juan to undertake a tour of inspection, to examine the forts and defences in the interior of the kingdom—the commandants of which had been previously directed to receive orders from him alone. Money, to defray the expenses of his journey, was placed at his disposal, so that compliance was unavoidable. The Duke, however, used the delegated authority to place many of the more important fortresses in the hands of his friends. Travelling with regal pomp, and a numerous well-appointed retinue, he not only secured his personal safety during the journey, but used the occasion to attach all hearts to himself by the amenity of his manners and his gratifying condescension; thereby laying a secure foundation for the success of his meditated schemes. This was not what Olivarez had designed, for the Spanish commandant, at each of the fortresses and at every post, had received secret orders to seize the person of the Duke. But the project failed, as the cautious Inspector General was always attended and surrounded by a strong body of armed and devoted adherents.

Meantime the crisis approached with giant strides. Pinto Ribeiro, the Duke's Intendant and confidential friend, labored assiduously to organize a conspiracy in his favor. He artfully approached the discontented, inciting some by direct complaints against the Spanish government, and instigating others to revolt by more covert attacks and insinuations, as difference of character or temper required. He reminded the nobles of the former prosperous and glorious times, and of the pitiable part they were now constrained to enact. He described the obnoxious requisition of themselves and their retainers as a cruel and dreadful act of oppression, which, considered even in its mildest aspect, was a virtual banishment of their order, that the country might be the more easily subjugated during their absence. He reminded the clergy that foreigners exclusively were raised to the high and honorable stations of the Church, which could be regarded only as a stigma and an insult on the native priesthood, whose just rights and privileges were thus shamefully violated. To the populace he discoursed of the prevalent distress, and the derangement and stagnation of business; and when they grew warm, he adroitly turned the conversation to the Duke of Braganza. "It is to be lamented," he would say, "that he, who alone was able to save them, was lulled asleep in effemi-

nate indulgences and indolent retirement." Thus Pinto aroused, inflamed, and prepared his audience of whatever rank or class. The Archbishop of Lisbon, Don Rodrigo d'Acugna, and the venerable sage, Don Aliguel d'Almeida, first associated themselves with the zealous Intendant. These three, with Don Antonio Almada, a friend of the Archbishop, Don Luis the son of the latter, Don Luis d'Acugna, the prelate's nephew and son-in-law, Don George Mello, Grand Forester of the kingdom, Don Peter de Mendoza, Don Rodrigo de Saa, the Arch-chancellor, and many others stationed about the Court, but whose offices had long since dwindled into empty titles, assembled in Don Almada's garden on the 12th of October, 1640. The Archbishop portrayed in glowing colors the wretched condition of the kingdom, and Pinto proposed to place the Duke of Braganza at their head, proclaiming him king, even against his will if he should decline that perilous honor. The conspirators acceded to this proposition, and commissioned Don Pedro de Mendoza to communicate to the Duke the wishes of the meeting.

Mendoza forthwith journeyed to Villavicioza; but the magnitude of the danger appeared to alarm and confound the Duke to such a degree that he declined giving a decisive reply without a previous consultation with his private secretary, Paes Viegas. Mendoza withdrew, leaving the Duke to his own meditations. When at length Paes Viegas appeared before him, in obedience to his summons, he imparted to him the nature of the communication he had received from the conspirators, and stated the doubts and difficulties which perplexed his mind.

"Permit me, gracious sir," said Viegas, "to propound one query. If the projected revolution be successful, and the people should determine to change the form of our government from a monarchy to a republic, would you adhere to their interests, or prefer and advocate the interests of Spain?"

"I should in that case adhere to and maintain the interests of my native land," answered the Duke.

"If so," proceeded Viegas, "it is superfluous to offer you advice. You must already be conscious with which party it is your duty to connect yourself. Heaven offers you a crown, and the opportunity to revenge yourself on your enemies. Embrace it at once; if it be now be permitted to pass away unimproved, it may perhaps never return. Consider only how this important and patriotic enterprise may be executed with wisdom and celerity; and meantime accede to the wishes of those who hope for every thing from your prompt compliance and vigorous co-operation."

"I am resolved; but what am I to do?" rejoined the Duke.

"Gracious sir," said Viegas, "he who properly ponders the im-

portance of such an undertaking, must perceive that it is impossible to be assured, at once and in advance, of all the means requisite for success. These depend greatly on a happy seizure of events and opportunity, which produce and supply them in abundance. He who would foresee all contingencies, and previously provide against all possible mishaps, will assuredly never resolve to act. We must learn to hazard much occasionally. Let the issue be as it may, a Prince having such indisputable claims to a crown must unhesitatingly risk every thing, and bravely use every effort in support of his pretensions, even though the struggle were certain to result in discomfiture and death. In my view, the path of duty is plain before you ; I would, however, advise you to consult your noble duchess, who has an equal interest in the subject with yourself. She possesses a sound understanding, an enlarged and penetrating mind, and true greatness of soul. Make her your confidant and counsellor, and attach due weight to her opinion."

Donna Louisa de Guzman, daughter of the Duke of Medina Sidonia, and descended from one of the most ancient and noble families of Castile, was one of those rare women who happily combine masculine strength and decision of character with female loveliness and delicacy. Ambitious of honorable fame and distinction, she admired enterprises that were bold and noble. Though a foreigner, she had assumed entirely the manners and dress of the Portuguese people ; and thus, while blessed with the love and confidence of her husband, she had secured the attachment and boundless devotion of the populace.

When consulted on this important occasion, she exclaimed—"It is better and nobler to die contending for a crown, and for the liberty and independence of a nation, than to live in peace as a pampered, or in dread as a suspected, slave ! It is evident that Olivarez will not be content with less than your utter ruin. Anticipate him, therefore, by acceding at once to the proposal."

This decided the matter. The Duke sent for Mendoza, and declared that he had concluded to accept the proffered crown, and would henceforth co-operate with his friends. Mendoza attempted to kneel and kiss his hand in token of homage ; but the Duke would not permit him, saying—"It is yet too soon, let us first assure ourselves of those things which may contribute to the success of our enterprise."

Boundless was the joy of the conspirators when Mendoza returned and reported the success of his mission. The next step necessary to be taken was, to concert a plan of operations with the Duke. Pinto was selected as the medium of communication for this purpose, and it was determined that Lisbon should be the



site of the first insurrectionary movement, in place of Evora, as had been originally designed. On his part, the Duke engaged meanwhile to bring over the province of Alemtejo to his purposes, and to prepare every thing for the explosion in the towns and villages within his own territories. Provided with letters to Almeida and Mendoza, Pinto again repaired to Lisbon. In the night following his arrival, the chief conspirators convened in the metropolitan palace of the Duke, coming separately in carriages, and alighting at a distance not to attract notice. They were received by Pinto in darkness and silence, and conducted to his private chamber. There the determination to make Lisbon the focus of the insurrection was reconsidered and approved. All things thus far had proceeded happily and with good promise; the leaders of the populace had been easily gained over; and the clergy heartily approved and promoted the objects of the conspiracy.

But at this moment information was brought which operated like a thunderbolt on the assemblage. It was announced, on indubitable authority, that the Duke of Braganza had received orders from the ever-suspicious Olivarez to repair to Madrid without delay. The Duke had, indeed, under various pretexts, procrastinated his departure, feigning illness at first, and finally want of funds necessary for the journey. But these subterfuges proved vain and inefficient. A draft for ten thousand ducats was transmitted to him, accompanied with a peremptory command to set out immediately. In this strait the Duke, in the presence of the courier, gave the requisite orders, sent a party of his retainers with his equipage in advance, wrote to Olivarez that he would travel as expeditiously as possible, and addressed a farewell letter to the Vice-Queen. At the same time he despatched a messenger to inform the conspirators that longer delay was inadmissible—open revolt or speedy captivity was now the alternative.

When the first alarm caused by it had subsided, this information determined the conspirators to adopt prompt and decisive measures; and they agreed to assemble again on the 25th of November, in the palace of Braganza. They now numbered one hundred and fifty nobles, with their retainers, and two hundred of the wealthiest and most respected citizens having sufficient influence to excite the populace to general revolt. Vasconcellos, the Secretary of State, was doomed to death; their plans were revised and definitively settled; and the first of December was fixed on for the explosion. It was arranged that the conspirators should approach the royal palace in four divisions, and secure all the avenues, to prevent concert and co-operation among the Spanish officers and troops. Almeida and his band were to surprise the German guards, while Mello, with his



brother, and Don Estevan d'Acugna, at the head of the citizens, was to attack the Spanish garrison. Tello de Nenezes, Emanuel de Saa, and Pinto, with their respective partizans, were ordered to penetrate into the chambers of Vasconcellos and make him prisoner; while Almada, Mendoza, Carlos de Noragna, and Antonio de Soldagna, were deputed to take the Vice-Queen captive. Meantime a number of the nobles and influential citizens were to exert themselves in the streets to excite popular commotions, and cause Don Juan to be proclaimed king; and finally, it was determined that the parties should respectively assemble at the palaces of Almada and Almeida. Full information of all these plans and arrangements was communicated to the Duke by Pinto.

The first of December was now awaited with anxious impatience, by the conspirators; but before the day came they were fated to encounter imminent danger. Almada was acquainted with Don Juan de Costa, a nobleman who, on all occasions, had loudly denounced the Spaniards, and declaimed against their tyranny and oppression. Hoping to secure his assistance, Almada divulged the whole plot to him. But great was his astonishment when he found that de Costa not only refused to participate in the undertaking, but endeavored to dissuade himself from engaging further in it. "Unworthy, degenerate, cowardly Portuguese! thy hypocritical patriotism deceived me!" exclaimed Almada, drawing his sword and closing on him. De Costa, thus taken by surprise and at disadvantage, consented to co-operate, and took the prescribed oath of fidelity.

This occurrence made such an impression on the chiefs, that they were inclined to postpone the insurrection; but on the ensuing day, having become ashamed of their fears, Pinto easily persuaded them to adhere to their original determination. On the evening before the first of December, they were, however, filled anew with apprehension and consternation, by a report that Vasconcellos had gone on board of one of the Spanish ships of war lying in the Tagus. "Doubtless," was the general cry, "he has scented out the conspiracy, and is gone to transport hither the Spanish regiments cantoned on the opposite shore." This alarm, however, proved to be groundless, as it was soon ascertained that the Secretary's object was merely to attend the military reviews, and the entertainment subsequently given by the officers.

At length the fateful day arrived which was to decide whether future generations should regard the Duke of Braganza as a Patriot King and the deliverer of his country, or be taught to execrate him as a rebellious traitor and an enemy of his native land.

Early in the morning the conspirators assembled at the designated places of rendezvous, animated by joyous hope and an assu-

rance of success. They entered the palaces separately, borne thither in closed sedans. The hour of eight was the appointed time; and never before, to any anxious mortal, did the minutes seem to move so slowly. At length Pinto discharged his pistol as the preconcerted signal. Almeida and his party immediately threw themselves impetuously on the Germans; Mello attacked and speedily vanquished the Spaniards, his corps being preceded by a monk bearing a crucifix. Pinto, at the head of his partisans, advanced against the palace of the Vice-Queen. So confident was he of the happy issue of the enterprise, that he replied to a friend who casually met him in the street, and taunted him with the object of his march—"We have nothing more in view than to rid you of a tyrant and place our rightful king on the throne." They first encountered Don Francisco de Soares Albergaria, civil governor of the city, and Antonio Correa, both devoted creatures of the Spanish ministry. In answer to the cry of—"Long live Juan IV.!"—they shouted—"Long live King Philip!" and were instantly killed by the infuriated insurgents. Vasconcellos, the hated Secretary, having secreted himself on the first alarm, could not be found till an old female domestic, threatened with instant death, betrayed his hiding place. They dragged him forth from a small concealed closet; and while the trembling, cowardly wretch, ghastly pale with terror, was unable to utter a syllable, Antonio Tello shot him through the heart, and each of the conspirators present dipped his weapon in the blood of the renegade; believing that by the sacrifice they were avenging their country, and giving a death-blow to tyranny itself. The body was then cast out of the window into the street, amid deafening shouts of "*Long live Don Juan IV. King of Portugal!*" The populace vented their rage on the dead body of their detested oppressor, and encouraged the dogs to devour it. Pinto proposed that the inmates of a neighboring monastery should be permitted to inter the corpse; but the mob opposed the measure, and all the eloquence and influence of Don Gaspard de Coutigno were required to rescue the remains of the obnoxious Secretary from further indignities menaced by the excess of popular exasperation. The body was finally carried into a chapel, and there deposited, wrapped in some old raiment, purchased with the contributions of the commiserating spectators. Thus fell the haughty Vasconcellos, who had long domineered over Portugal with almost absolute sway! The Vice-Queen, alarmed and terrified by the commotions she heard and the scenes she witnessed, was about to leave her chamber and address the people, when she was met by Miguel d'Almeida, Ferdinand Telles de Nenezes, Thomas de Sousa, Carlos de Noragna, and others of the nobility. She reproached them with the excesses

which had been committed ; told them that the Portuguese were sufficiently avenged by the death of the domineering Secretary ; and required that they should now again return to their duty, promising them full pardon in the name of the King. They implored her to desist from her purpose of addressing the populace assembled in the streets, as it was but too probable that in the moment of ungovernable excitement the respect due to her sex and rank might be forgotten.

"Forget the respect due to me !" exclaimed the indignant woman ; "how so ?"

"Yea, gracious lady," replied Carlos de Nornagna ; "even so far, perhaps, as to cast you headlong from the window !"

The Bishop of Brague, who stood near the Vice-Queen, was so incensed by this audacious and discourteous reply, that, snatching a sword from the hand of a soldier, he attempted to thrust it through Noragna's heart. Almeida, however, intercepted and warded off the weapon. The Vice-Queen, filled with terror and dismay by this occurrence, instantly withdrew. Almeida followed her, and demanded a written order to the Spanish commandant of the Citadel to deliver up that important post.

"If you refuse this request," said Almeida, "every Spaniard in Lisbon will be instantly put to death ; and I will not be responsible for your personal safety." After some hesitation she signed the order, with the secret hope that the commandant, Don Luis de Campo, would refuse compliance. In this, however, she deceived herself. The Citadel was immediately surrendered to Alvarez d'Abranche, Thomas de Sousa, and Francisco de Faro. The commandants of the fortresses of Belem Cabezaseca, St. Antonio, and Almada severally followed the example set them by De Campo. The victorious conspirators thereupon liberated those whom Vasconcellos had cast into prison, and proceeded to institute a provisional government in the form of a regency, with the Archbishop of Lisbon at its head. Expresses were at once despatched to all the provinces to announce the happy consummation of the enterprise ; the Vice-Queen was requested to remove to Xabegas, and deputies were appointed to wait on the Duke of Braganza, and invite him to accept the crown of Portugal. His presence alone was wanting to complete the general joy. Highly exulting, and continually shouting—" *Long live Don Juan, our Lord and King !*" the populace proceeded to the cathedral, to return thanks to the Almighty for the national deliverance from oppression. That day and the ensuing one were spent in incessant and unbounded demonstrations of satisfaction and rejoicing. The revolution was completely accomplished without any occurrence to mar the general



joy. Though persons of every age and rank had previous knowledge of the existence and objects of the conspiracy, the secret had been faithfully kept.

On the 5th day of the month, the gladdening information was announced that the King had crossed the Tagus, and was about to enter the palace of the Indias. Immense crowds of people immediately flocked thither, making the welkin ring with joyful shouts, and gazing with delight on the sovereign of their choice.

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Juan IV. used his triumph with moderation. Day after day messengers arrived, bringing evidences of submission from the provinces of the kingdom—the example of the capital being enthusiastically followed in all parts of the country. On the 18th of December the ceremony of coronation was performed; and on the 23th of January, 1641, the Cortez formally recognized the rights of the House of Braganza and the sovereign rule of Don Juan IV. France first set the example to foreign powers of acknowledging him as king of Portugal, which was speedily imitated by the principal sovereigns of Europe, with the exception of the Emperor of Austria and his holiness the Pope.

“Rejoice, sire,” said the minister Olivarez one morning to King Philip of Spain, as he entered the presence, “the Duke of Braganza has foolishly permitted himself to be beguiled into a career of treasonable ambition, and the commission of overt acts of rebellion. The mob of Lisbon has proclaimed him king, and he has accepted the title; his life and his possessions are now rightfully forfeit.” But the confident anticipations of the minister proved delusion. Soon was it obvious to every unprejudiced observer that Portugal and Brazil were for ever lost to Spain—irretrievably separated from that monarchy. Though war was commenced and vigorously prosecuted, the protracted struggle ended in establishing the House of Braganza firmly on the throne of the Peninsular kingdom. During more than a century and a half this august family maintained itself as a distinct nation; till the arms of Napoleon constrained it to take refuge in its Brazilian territories. After the downfall of the Corsican adventurer, the House of Braganza regained possession of its ancient hermitage; but family feuds and civil commotions, during successive years, distracted and convulsed the realm—brother being arrayed against brother. The glory of the nation has evidently departed; the spirit of the people is broken; and the dynasty that once ruled so worthily seems dwindling into powerless insignificance, as little regarded among the existing sovereigns of the earth, as is the people it has enfeebled now honored in the family of nations.



## TO E. B.

A YEAR has flown,  
 My heart's best angel, since to thee I strung  
 My frail, poetic lyre—since last I sung,  
     In falt'ring tone,  
 My love undying: though in all my dreams  
 Thy smiles have lingered, like the stars in streams.

On ruffled wing,  
 Like storm-tost bird, that year has sped away  
 Into the shadowed past, and not a day  
     To me could bring  
 Familiar joys like those I knew of yore;  
 But morn, and noon, and night a sorrow bore.

Alas, for Time!  
 For me his sickle reaps the harvest fair  
 Of hopes that blossomed in the summer air  
     Of Youth's sweet clime;  
 But leaves to bloom the deeply-rooted tree  
 Which thou hast planted, deathless Memory!

Beneath its shade  
 I muse, and muse alone—while daylight dies,  
 Changing its dolphin hues in Western skies,  
     And when they fade;  
 And when the moon, of fairy stars the queen,  
 Waves her transparent wand o'er all the scene;

I seek the vale:  
 And while inhaling the moss-rose's breath—  
 (Less sweet than thine, unmatched E——h!)  
     A vision, pale  
 As the far robes of seraphs in the night,  
 Rises before me with supernal light.

I seek the mount;  
 And there in closest commune with the blue,  
 Thy spiritual glances meet my view.

I seek the fount:  
 And thou art my Egeria, and the glade  
 Encircling it around is holier made.

I seek the brook;  
 And in the silver shout of waters hear  
 Thy merry, melting tones salute mine ear—  
     And in the look  
 Of lilies floating from the flowery land,  
 See something soft and stainless as thy hand.

All things convey  
 A likeness of my early, only love—  
 All fairest things around, below, above :  
     The foamy spray  
 Over the billow and the bedded pearls,  
 And the light flag the lighter breeze unfurls.

For, in the grace  
 As well as in the beauty of the sea,  
 I find a true similitude to thee;—  
     And I can trace  
 Thine image in the loveliness that dwells  
 'Mid inland forests and sequestered dells.

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I am thine own  
 My dearest, though thou never may'st be mine;  
 I would not if I could the band untwine,  
     Around me thrown—  
 Since first I breathed to thee that word of fire;—  
 Re-echoed now, how feebly! by my lyre.

Love, constant love!  
 Age cannot quench it,—like the primal ray  
 From the vast fountain that supplies the day,  
     Far, far above  
 Our cloud-encircled region, it will flow  
 As pure and as eternal in its glow.

Oh, when I die  
 (If until then thou may'st not drop a tear,)  
 Weep then for one to whom thou wert most dear;  
     To whom thy sigh,  
 Denied in life, in death, if fondly given,  
 Will seem the sweetest incense-air of Heaven!

HERMION.

## SOCRATES IN BOSTON.

## No. 1.

IF any reader of the American Monthly, taking up this number, should start to hear of Socrates in Boston, and exclaim, anachronism! we would respectfully inform him that this article is not intended for him, or for any one else who thinks that Socrates would ever die. Socrates die! Who hath ever read that divine dialogue of Plato, in which is recorded the Swan-like Song, which has fixed in immortal music the eternity of all that is intellectual, pure, and beautiful in human nature; which has sculptured for everlasting that sublime group, in which the embodied spirit of Philosophy stands calmly with the cup that purged away the conquered dust; and knows not that Socrates, in that very act, made himself the denizen of all time? that Death, then for the first time smiled upon and welcomed, bowed himself at his feet, nor dared to lift his sceptre over him?

Wherever Science and Art hold their schools, wherever Philosophy is sought and worshipped, there always is Socrates! gentle, modest, granting to every one the attention that he claims; calm, and even playful in the immortal power of reason; keen to detect words that darken counsel, but ever carefully listening for some notes of the sphere music from all who essay to touch Apollo's lute! Still—prescient as ever of the vast unknown—he is more disposed to learn than to teach; and though he has long found knowledge little else than an accumulation of the proofs of human error, yet with a patience which is man's moral image of God's eternity, he listens ever to hear the voice of Wisdom cry.

And why should not Socrates be in Boston? As in his own Athens, the Bostonians, and "the strangers that are there, spend their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing." The greatest difficulty he finds, is in selecting a place to meet the various modern sophists in fair discussion. It is altogether too cold to sit in the open air and talk, as they used to do in Greece. And Socrates has never entirely liked the Athenæum. He finds it difficult to breathe within those brick walls. There is an unclassic guardianship round the doors that prevents free entrance. Within a few years, however, there has been a room opened for the ac-

commodation of such persons as wish to draw from the books of prints collected there. Here is a rather better atmosphere; it only needs that the door should be opened a little wider, and it would be invigorating; and here Socrates may sometimes be found by those who are very earnest to find him. But so etherial are the robes in which he has arrayed himself, ever since the day he eluded the eyes of poor Crito, that it is not every one who can see him, even when he is present. But with the philosopher's stone and elixir of life, wonders may be worked; and so I found it the other day, when, by means of the one having unlocked the door, and by a draught of the other having opened my eyes, I saw him glide in upon Phrenologon and Espiriton, who had just sat down looking upon each other with no very benign aspect. It was in a voice that seemed to me to involve all harmonies in every tone, that his first words came upon mine ear.

**SOCRATES.** Phrenologon and Espiriton in philosophic converse! This is just what I have wished to see and hear. Now I hope to hear something; for surely the one will say all that can be said for the new science, and the other all that can be said against it!

**ESPIRITON.** Does Socrates call by the respectable name of science these new-fangled notions of the superficies of a human being, which have taken the name of Phrenology?—a name, by the way, to which it has no right, it being at best but Craniology, since it resolves the mind itself into the substance brain, or else leaves it to have so much substantial existence as there may be in a strain of music!

**SOCRATES.** Ah, Espiriton! I know too little of science to say, before I have examined it in detail, that any system involves none! Nature is vast, and the avenues it opens up to the divinity we seek, are so numerous, that I have not had time even to number them. There may be a science, even of the superficies of a human being: for there is a law to every swell of matter. Is not Form the language of the Divinity to man?

**ESPIRITON.** But this system does not keep in the place assigned it by its subject. It claims to be an intellectual philosophy; and on its multifarious and heterogeneous foundation of thirty-five different stones, as it were, it has raised an artificial structure, which is to take the place of all metaphysical speculation.

**PHRENOLOGON.** Metaphysical Speculation! Metaphysicians have been inquiring for centuries upon the human mind, yet have they not yet established their true philosophy. What has been gained by all this waste of genius and time?

**ESPIRITON.** What has been gained! Such minds have been gained to the race of humanity, as Anaxagoras, Plato, Aristotle,



and the rest of that constellation of philosophers, whose instructions inspired the schools of Grecian Sculpture and Painting. These very arts may be said to have been gained by metaphysics: for it is well-known that the great artists of antiquity were in habits of constant communion with the Philosophers; and that Pericles, their first and most munificent patron, was the pupil of Anaxagoras. What has been gained? Go to Rome, and see what the Scipios, and Plutarch, and Cicero, and Cato, and even Cæsar will tell you. Their greatness was found in the study of the philosophy of the mind. In every country the Fine Arts, at least, have followed the fortunes of Philosophy, and of Spiritual Philosophy. What have Metaphysics done for us? The whole classic world of literature and art is the growth of those sublime inquiries into first principles, which evermore remand the soul to contemplation of itself in consciousness. It was reserved for modern sophists, who examine the mind with the anatomist's scalpel, to scoff at the immortal seeds whence has sprung all the humanity of our race, and to undervalue the Promethean planters as idle dreamers; because, having planted, they waited in sublime retirement for their radiant harvest. Not an expression of contempt for metaphysical studies can be found among the classic authors of antiquity.

PHRENOLOGON. If you go back to antiquity, I will meet you there with my science. There is not a great piece of sculpture that has come down to us which does not answer to the facts of Phrenology. The Gladiator is distinguished by his combativeness and deficiency of benevolence; and Phidias's Jupiter is the ideal of phrenology as well as of art.

SOCRATES. I detect a chord! Espiriton truly says that the ancient artists fed at the hives of Philosophy and the streams of Helicon. And Phrenologon says that their ideal forms correspond to the inductions of his science; and supposing these inductions true, and the forms truly expressive, it is something in favor of Spiritual Philosophy, that those who have cultivated, under its influence, that larger proportion of the creative spirit with which the artist is endowed, should instinctively find them. For there can be no doubt that forms are the expression of the creativeness of the creator. Is it not Form which awakens the activity of all that is purest and deepest in the spirit of man?

ESPIRITON. I return to my first position. The intellectual philosophy of Phrenology, if it can be called so even by courtesy, says, *We are*, not *I am*. But Intellectual Philosophy is not an artificial structure, it is an organized growth from the single root of consciousness, whose discriminating characteristic among the other growths of nature is, that it is undying in all time; and that its

own renewing forms, instead of repeating themselves, constantly approximate that Divine Being, of whom man is said to be the image. The spirit that inquires into the cause, is the sap that never dies. What is this spirit but the *I am*? And Phrenology denies its existence, by not even referring to it while it pretends by its name to be the science of mind.

PHRENOLOGON. Phrenology is the science inducted from the manifestations of mind. And there is this in its favor, that in the most enlightened age which the world has ever seen, it counts more disciples, even in this most enlightened city, than Metaphysics can count over the civilized globe.

ESPIRITON. Its popularity is the very best argument against it. The true science of mind is the deepest of all sciences. To begin upon it requires a contemplation of its subject in consciousness; and the very condition of this contemplation is a complete abstraction from outward things, only to be attained by the few who will submit to the condition of a rigid self-denial from the indulgence of animal passions and worldly views. For it is not a narrow Individualism, which, generalized and reasoned upon, gives birth to an empirical metaphysics, and ethics, that is to be the object of thought: but it is the universal soul of human nature. Nor is the knowledge of some elements of the science of mind, gained on this hard condition, all that is necessary in order to make a philosopher. When these are attained it requires effort, no less abstracted from earthly and worldly influences, that the fountain may not cease to flow.

The human soul is a perennial spring, and the only one in the known creation, where every thing else individual is measurable. Now, since true science requires virtue as its condition, it necessarily cannot be popular. But the reverse of all this applies to Phrenology. Nothing is necessary to the phrenologist, but to lay his hand on a head and become possessed of the number of curves on its surface, and he knows immediately what are the elements of human nature; at least if he has a phrenological dictionary to give names to these various compartments. With a pair of compasses or a measuring eye, he may then look at the proportion of size, and, with a few other physiological considerations, behold he is in possession of the foundations of power! He knows men, whatever may be his moral character. The greatest rascal, the most sordid or worldly-minded knave, the grossest sensualist, not to say the most muddy-headed dolt, may thus by his senses become acquainted with divine philosophy, that we have ever believed to descend from heaven, and only to make itself visible to pure eyes and holy hearts. Any thing is popular that produces equality by the process of levelling, and nothing can be popular which is severe on

human weakness. All men have a desire for a commanding point of view on which they may seat themselves and survey the ways of their fellow men, and perchance, get command of the springs by which they are moved, or of the knowledge by which their movements may be calculated. All men, in short, are desirous of being *thought* wise. But there is a choice few who have no fancy for the companionship of the multitude of vulgar, selfish aspirants for the material rewards that follow Wisdom, rather than for herself; and who suspect the keys to nature, which unwashed hands may turn.

PHRENOLOGON. But there are others of a benevolence more expansive, who are as willing to share the gifts of wisdom with all men, as they are to share the common air and sunshine. They see no objection to Phrenology, in its being adapted to the comprehension of men in general, and thus putting into their hands the means of detecting, before it is beyond their control, the selfishness that, calling itself by some noble name, has more than once bestrid this narrow world like a Colossus. The pupil of Aristotle, Julius Cæsar, Machiavelli, were not phrenologists: but it would have been well if their dupes had been so. I do not know but these ornaments and blessings to their race learnt men through metaphysics. They certainly were very different, in their moral character, from the scientific Gall, the good and gracious Spurzheim, the pure-minded and virtuous Combes, who, amidst opposition and ridicule, pursue their truth-loving way.

SOCRATES. Oh, leave these personalities. They are very modern. We did not allow them in the grove of the Academy. Why make a personal matter of that which, if it be true, belongs to every mind in the universe? It is indeed in favor of Phrenology, if it can elevate all minds. But there is no proof of its truth, in its popularity. Yet, on the other hand, its popularity is not a presumption against it if its utility is obvious. For obvious utility, as we see every day, makes even the *Principia* of Newton popular. And he who enters the temple of Science for his own sake, may remain there in an involuntary worship of Science itself. Let us hear what the uses of Phrenology are.

PHRENOLOGON. It teaches men to understand themselves, in spite of the presence of self-love and vanity. It teaches them to educate their children, and to legislate for their fellow-citizens. It detects insanity in every degree, and teaches us to make proper allowances for our neighbors. This answer is very general, but it would take me long to enumerate in detail the advantages of Phrenology.

SOCRATES. A system of such benevolent purposes and high pretensions certainly demands attention. Let me try whether I can learn from you what it is. You know I am perfectly ignorant, and

shall be obliged to ask very elementary questions. Shall you have patience to answer them?

PHRENOLOGON. There is nothing I like so well. But I must take another opportunity; for the hour is come for our lecture. I will meet you here again at the hour and the day you will appoint.

SOCRATES. I am always to be found by those who seek me. But when you come, be prepared to tell me,—what is the Soul?

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TO THE RIVER HUDSON.

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BY T. H. HOWARD.

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OH Hudson! by thy margin, I,  
 In boyhood's fond and fervid dreams  
 Once schooled my heart to love, and why  
 Are now my steps by other streams?  
 And where thy Palisades arise  
 In gorgeousness, to greet the skies,  
 Why rove I not—no more to part?  
 River! bright river of my heart!

River, that rollest by the walls  
 Of that great city, which hath cast  
 Her spell o'er earth, and now recalls  
 Each memory of the mightiest, past.  
 Of the queen Venice, when arose  
 Her marble structures, and of those  
 Of Olden Tyre, still freely roll,  
 River! bright river of my soul!

River, whose crested billows sweep,  
 By her abode whose name doth waken  
 The recollection, fond and deep,  
 Of hours, ere she was yet forsaken;  
 River! oh, let in murmurs sweet  
 To her, thy waves, the words repeat,  
 We breathed together by thy side,  
 River, bright river of my pride!

River, oh wildly rolling river!  
 What scenes of beauty match with thine;  
 Not the famed Po, nor Gaudelquiver,  
 Nor rock-ribbed Rhone, nor classic Rhine;  
 Nor the dark Danube, in his course,—  
 Nor myriad-mouthed, of unknown source,—  
 Mysterious Nile—nor *one*, in truth,  
 River, bright river of my youth!



River, oh let me speak thy name  
 Once more with hers whose name to me,  
 In Song's melodious numbers, came  
 Hallowed alike to her and thee;  
 Hallowed by unforgotten hours  
 Of bliss, by youth's decaying bowers,—  
 By hopes to meet, no more to part;  
 River! bright river of my heart.

MOBILE, July 25th, 1837.

NAPOLEON IN EXILE.

I LIVE, to breathe the breath of pain,  
 And ask for death and find it not;  
 And loathe and dare to curse the chain  
 That binds me to my sunless lot.

My only care,—to hide my feeling!  
 My only prayer,—to feel no more!  
 My joy,—that pain at least is stealing,  
 In every sigh one life-throb more!

I am alone!—The waves go by,  
 And mock me with their reckless roll,  
 And Heaven's serene and burning eye  
 Looks calm into my maddened soul!

Oh for some war!—some blast or groan,  
 To hush or drown, or oh! to blend,  
 In fearful union, with the tone  
 Of passions, that my spirit rend.

Alone! and it is fit and well;  
 For this I thank my coward foe;  
 They dare not bid the eagle dwell,  
 Though chained, among the weak and low!

Ay! 'tis a fitting fate for one,  
 Who, 'mid their haughtiest, lonely stood;  
 I would not leave my glorious throne,  
 Though all their kings beneath me sued.

And still they fear me;—even I,  
 The feeblest, loneliest of them all,  
 The veriest wretch beneath the sky  
 Can yet their craven hearts appal.

Yet unforgotten, too;—no breast,  
 But thrills with love, or fear, or hate,  
 For him, the exiled and unblest,  
 The chained, the weak, the desolate!

What though no titles yet remain?  
 As well with night might mortals war,  
 And think, with *human breath*, to stain  
 The lonely splendor of her star,—

As they, to rob my fatal name  
 Of the deep glory it hath won,—  
 The clear—the halo-light of Fame,  
 That lingers round NAPOLEON!

FLORENCE.

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

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*Memoirs, Correspondence, and Manuscripts of General Lafayette.*  
*Vol. I. Saunders and Otley, New-York.*

"Light won light lost," is an old saying so often exemplified in human actions, that it bears with it all the force of an axiom. If the converse be equally true, the present condition of our liberties must be an exception to the rule. It seems incredible, while reading the details of the fierce struggle of our fathers in books like that before us, that men should so easily surrender the advantages which it cost so much toil to win; and that we should let the liberties which were wrenched from the most powerful nation of the earth glide from us like a dream of the night, and pass into the hands of the most contemptible oligarchy that ever swayed the destinies of a people. It is enough to make one sicken at all human endeavor. In vain has the head of the statesman contrived, in vain has the arm of the warrior achieved, in vain has the heart of the patriot bled, if the voice of the sage, the deeds of the brave, and the hallowing blood of the martyr are so soon to be forgotten, or remembered only as heard from the desecrating lips of those who blaspheme the name of Freedom while holding their infernal orgies above her grave. Good heavens! what would the men who figure in this correspondence have thought, could they, with prophetic ear, have caught the avowals of the party now in ascendancy as to the principles upon which the government which they were building up was to be conducted? What would they have thought could they have heard the President of the republic, before two generations had passed away, declare, in a formal instrument addressed to the national legislature, that he possessed certain original powers paramount to the constitution, and not derivable from the people? What would they have thought could they have known that he would have the ability effectually to enforce his doctrine of "divine right" by interpreting the constitution upon his "own responsibility?" that he would have the power not merely to act upon that doctrine in his own person, but to appoint his successor, and bequeath to him that same right almost undisputed by the people?—a right now so little questioned, that no act of extravagance upon the part of him who wields it, can affect its continual exercise. Think ye the reflection would have stimulated them to do, and dare, and suffer every thing for the cause of Freedom—so soon to be betrayed? But they dreamed not that their labors would prove so perishable. They could not conceive that when they left an equal heritage of Liberty to all, the hard-won possession would so soon pass to a few, and centre almost in one alone, until our theoretical democracy should become as practical a despotism as any at the moment existing in Christendom. If any man doubts that our government be such a despotism from the mere fact that it has not yet tampered at will with the lives as well as with the fortunes and characters of its *subjects*, we would ask him, whether any single individual, or any one set or class of men, have dared to raise their voices against its usurpations without he or they being made in some way to suffer dearly for their

temerity, if not ground to the earth beneath the wheels of the political Juggernaut of the day? Have we not for years lived under a system of espionage that penetrates into every family in the country as effectually as did ever the secret tribunals of Venice? and are we not now living under a system of oppression so blind and relentless that no man can say where next it may touch his property—where still it may continue to spare him the means of living? And yet there are those among us who, seeing all this—who, seeing how each promise of the government has been falsified—how each principle, save that of the spoils, by which it pretends to regulate itself, has been violated—who, witnessing how the different classes of society have been arrayed against each other—the State Banks against the general bank, the mechanics against the merchants; and finally, after using each for a certain time to work its own profligate ends—the Government against them all, until the influence of each has been broken in detail, and all obliged to succumb to the one absorbing power—there are those we say, who, having had a full experience of the reliance to be placed upon such a party, still continue to hope better things from the present administration. The honest but dreaming Democrat still hopes it will realize his happy visions of an era of equal rights, when the aristocracy of nature will be alone acknowledged; the equally honest but timid Conservative still looks to it to preserve his country against scenes like those which polluted the soil of Revolutionary France; while the imported Ultra-Radical, and the Tory monarchist in embryo, look with more rational hopes upon the ultimate tendency of measures which daily vibrate between the darling tenets of either, without ever occupying any wholesome ground between them. But enough of this. The torch may expire that was passed in such effulgence to our hands; but, like the degenerate votaries of Dodona of old, we may still gather round the fount where it was first kindled, and recall the glories of former years.

We learn from President Duer, in his preface to this work, that it was the desire of Lafayette that this edition of his Memoirs and Correspondence should be considered as "a legacy to the American people." As a bequest of the noble old general, it will be of course esteemed by our countrymen; but we think it has a value of its own, apart from the association with the name of the owner. It is the record of a just, honorable, and kind heart, ever actuated by the most virtuous impulses, and preserving throughout every trial of its constancy the same singleness of feeling, the same unshaken rectitude of purpose; the record of a heart softened by a benevolence that knew no intermission, and warmed by a philanthropic zeal that shed the same wholesome and well-regulated influence to the last. There were many men figuring amid the scenes of our Revolution who were worthy of even such a leader as Washington; many who in intellectual qualities were superior to Lafayette; but in him alone do we recognize the thorough disciple of the most perfect man that ever lived. No man ever served a more faithful apprenticeship to greatness than did this young French nobleman from the moment that he made Washington his model, which was upon his first interview with the great Republican Chief. He studied his character in all its phases, and spared no self-discipline to form his own upon the glorious original. How shallow then is the charge of a want of ambition, so often ascribed to Lafayette as a fault by the mere politician, when he passed a long life in such self-ennobling emulation! But it is ever thus with mankind; there is a trait of meanness in human nature which leads it to measure greatness, not by worth, but by power; while the power to injure and to trample upon our race is ever more admired than the will to serve and elevate it. So all-pervading, too, is this weakness, that even singularity of position, however eminent, can hardly gain the suffrages of the multitude for the good, when compared with the dazzling eminence which evil men may attain. The world, which has seen many Napoleons, has known

but one WASHINGTON yet ten men worship the glory of the Corsican conqueror; where one cherishes the memory of the American Patriot. And so with the fame of "the good Lafayette," which Napoleon, though he would have scorned to emulate, did not disdain to slur with his sneers.

How far the reputation of Lafayette for talent may be raised by the publication of this work we are not prepared to say until we see the second volume. What especially strikes us in the present one, however, is a certain precocity of character, which leads him to reason and act for himself, while yet a mere youth, with a degree of good sense that rarely accompanies so zealous a disposition in early life. We commence our quotations with some extracts, which portray the delightful relations existing between the young hero and the different members of his family, at the time when he first sacrificed the enjoyments of home to the promptings of a spirit in which chivalry and philanthropy were ever most beautifully blended.

LETTER FROM LAFAYETTE TO HIS FATHER, ÆT. TWENTY.

"London, March 9, 1777.

"You will be astonished, my dear father, at the news I am on the point of giving you: it has cost me far more than I can express not to consult you. My respect and affection for you, as well as my great confidence in you, must convince you of the truth of this assertion; but my word was given, and you would not have esteemed me had I broken it; the step I am now taking will at least prove to you, I hope, the goodness of my intentions. I have found a peculiar opportunity of distinguishing myself, and of learning a soldier's trade: I am a general officer in the army of the United States of America. The frankness of my conduct, and my zeal in their service, have completely won their confidence. I have done, on my side, all I could do for them, and their interest will ever be dearer to me than my own. In short, my dear father, I am at this moment in London, anxiously awaiting letters from my friends; upon receiving them, I shall set off from hence, and, without stopping at Paris, I shall embark in a vessel that I have myself purchased and chartered. My travelling companions are the Baron de Kalb, a very distinguished officer, brigadier in the King's service, and major-general, as well as myself, in the United States' army; and some other excellent officers, who have kindly consented to share the chances of my fate. I rejoice at having found such a glorious opportunity of occupying myself, and of acquiring knowledge. I am conscious that I am making an immense sacrifice, and that to quit my family, my friends, and you, my dearest father, costs me more than it could do any other person, because I love you all far more tenderly than any other person ever loved his friends. But this voyage will not be a very long one; we see every day far longer journeys taken for amusement only; and I hope also to return more worthy of all those who are kind enough to regret my absence. Adieu, my dear father, I hope I shall soon see you again. Retain your affection for me; I ardently desire to merit it—nay, I do merit it already, from my warm affection towards you, and from the respect that, during the remainder of his life, will be felt for you by

"Your affectionate son,  
"LAFAYETTE."

"TO MADAME DE LAFAYETTE.

"On board the *Victory*, May 30th, 1777.

"I am writing to you from a great distance, my dearest love, and, in addition to this painful circumstance, I feel also the still more dreadful uncertainty of the time in which I may receive any news of you. I hope, however, soon to have a letter from you; and, amongst the various reasons which render me so desirous of a speedy arrival, this is the one which excites in me the greatest degree of impatience. How many fears and anxieties enhance the keen anguish I feel at being separated from all that I love most fondly in the world! How have you borne my second departure? have you loved me less? have you pardoned me? have you reflected that, at all events, I must equally have been parted from you,—wandering about in Italy, dragging on an inglorious life, surrounded by the persons most opposed to my projects and to my manner of thinking? All these reflections



did not prevent my experiencing the most bitter grief when the moment arrived for quitting my native shore. Your sorrow, that of my friends, Henrietta, all rushed upon my thoughts, and my heart was torn by a thousand painful feelings. I could not at that instant find any excuse for my own conduct. If you could know all that I have suffered, and the melancholy days that I have passed, whilst thus flying from all that I love best in the world! Must I join to this affliction the grief of hearing that you do not pardon me? I should, in truth, my love, be too unhappy. But I am not speaking to you of myself and of my health, and I well know that these details will deeply interest you.

"Adieu; night obliges me to discontinue my letter, as I have forbidden, some days since, any candles being used in my vessel: see how prudent I have become! Once more, adieu; if my fingers be at all guided by my heart, it is not necessary to see clearly to tell you that I love you, and that I shall love you all my life."

These letters depict well the ingenuous feelings of a youth of twenty.

In the memoir of himself, which prefaces the volume, the general describes, in a few words, the circumstances under which he first arrived in America. After having encountered various perils and chances by sea, his vessel made the port of Georgetown, in Carolina, whence he hastened to Charleston; ascending the river in a canoe, and landing by midnight at the house of Major Huger, where his foot first touched the American soil. Proceeding thence to Philadelphia with six officers in company, he travelled nearly nine hundred miles on horseback before reaching the capital of Pennsylvania, where congress was then sitting. Washington at that time expecting some secret blow from the enemy, and not knowing where it might fall, was encamped within reach of the city.

#### ARRIVAL OF LAFAYETTE IN THE UNITED STATES.

"It was under these circumstances that M. de Lafayette first arrived in America; but the moment, although important to the common cause, was peculiarly unfavorable to strangers. The Americans were displeased with the pretensions, and disgusted with the conduct, of many Frenchmen; the imprudent selections they had in some cases made, the extreme boldness of some foreign adventurers, the jealousy of the army, and strong national prejudices, all contributed to confound disinterested zeal with private ambition, and talents with quackery. Supported by the promises which had been given by Mr. Deane, a numerous band of foreigners besieged the congress; their chief was a clever but very imprudent man, and although a good officer, his excessive vanity amounted almost to madness. With M. de Lafayette, Mr. Deane had sent out a fresh detachment, and every day such crowds arrived, that the congress had finally adopted the plan of not listening to any stranger. When he arrived at Philadelphia, M. de Lafayette delivered his letters to Mr. Lovell, president of the committee for foreign affairs. The next day he proceeded to congress: Mr. Lovell came out of the meeting, and told him there was but little hope of his request being acceded to. Suspecting that his letters had not been read, M. de Lafayette wrote the note which will be found in the text. The resolution of the congress concerning him, deliberated the 31st of July, is expressed in the following manner: "Seeing that the Marquis de Lafayette, on account of his great zeal in the cause of liberty in which the United States are engaged, has quitted his family and country, and has come to offer his services to the United States, without demanding either pay or private indemnity, and that he desires to expose his life in our cause,—resolved, that his services be accepted, and that, on account of his zeal, illustrious family and connexions, he shall have the rank and commission of major-general in the army of the United States." The real intention of this resolution was to give a rank to M. de Lafayette, and to leave to General Washington the right and care of confiding to him a command in unison with that rank. The coldness with which M. de Lafayette was received, might have been taken as a dismissal; but, without appearing disconcerted by the manner in which the deputies addressed him, he entreated them to return to congress, and read the following note:—

"After the sacrifices I have made, I have the right to exact two favors: one is, to serve at my own expense,—the other is, to serve at first as volunteer."

"This style, to which they were so little accustomed, awakened their attention; the despatches from the envoys were read over, and, in a very flattering resolution, the rank of major-general was granted to M. de Lafayette."

The condition of the American army, when the young major-general came to claim his rank, is described in the following passage.

#### APPEARANCE OF THE ARMY.

"The American army, stationed some miles from Philadelphia, was waiting until the movements of the hostile army should be decided: the General himself reviewed the troops; M. de Lafayette arrived there the same day. About eleven thousand men, ill armed and still worse clothed, presented a strange spectacle to the eye of the young Frenchman: their clothes were parti-colored, and many of them were almost naked; the best clad wore *hunting shirts*, large grey linen coats which were much used in Carolina. As to their military tactics, it will be sufficient to say that, for a regiment ranged in order of battle to move forward on the right of its line, it was necessary for the left to make a continued counter march. They were always arranged in two lines, the smallest men in the first line; no other distinction as to height was ever observed. In spite of these disadvantages, the soldiers were fine and the officers zealous; virtue stood in place of science, and each day added both to experience and discipline. Lord Stirling, more courageous than judicious, another general, who was often intoxicated, and Greene, whose talents were only then known to his immediate friends, commanded as majors-general. General Knox, who had changed the profession of bookseller to that of artillery officer, was there also, and had himself formed other officers, and created an artillery. "We must feel embarrassed," said General Washington, on his arrival, "to exhibit ourselves before an officer who has just quitted French troops." "It is to learn, and not to teach, that I come hither," replied M. de Lafayette; and that modest tone, which was not common in Europeans, produced a very good effect."

Washington seems almost at once to have conceived the affection of a father for his youthful follower; and when their friendship could date but little more than a year of existence, we find Lafayette consulting his commander about an affair of honor, with all the insouciance of a Frenchman, blended with the utmost respect toward the personage whom he addresses.

#### "TO GENERAL WASHINGTON.

"Camp, near Warren, 24th September, 1778.

"My Dear General,—I am going to consult your excellency upon a point in which I not only want your leave and opinion, as the commander-in-chief, but also your candid advice, as the man whom I have the happiness to call my friend. In an address from British commissaries to congress, the first after *Johnstone* was excluded, they speak in the most disrespectful terms of my nation and country. The whole is undersigned by them, and more particularly by the president, Lord Carlisle. I am the first French officer, in rank, of the American army; I am not unknown to the British, and if somebody must take notice of such expressions, that advantage does, I believe, belong to me. Don't you think, my dear general, that I should do well to write a letter on the subject to Lord Carlisle, wherein I should notice his expressions conveyed in an unfriendly manner? I have mentioned something of this design to the Count d'Estaing, but wish entirely to fix my opinion by yours, which I instantly beg, as soon as you may find it convenient.

"As every thing is perfectly quiet, and General Sullivan is persuaded that I may, with all safety, go to Boston, I am going to undertake a short journey towards that place. The admiral has several times expressed a desire of conversing with me; he has also thrown out some wishes that something might be done towards securing Boston, but it seems he always refers to a conversation for further explanation. My stay will be short, as I don't like towns in time of war, when I may be about a camp. If your excellency answers me immediately, I may soon receive your letter.

"I want much to see you, my dear general, and consult you about many points, part of them are respecting myself. If you approve of my writing to

Lord Carlisle, it would be a reason for coming near you for a short time, in case the gentleman is displeased with my mission.

"With the most perfect respect, confidence, and affection, I have the honor to be, &c.

"TO LORD CARLISLE.\*

"I expected, until the present moment, my lord, to have only affairs to settle with your generals, and I hoped to see them at the head only of the armies which are respectively confided to us; your letter to the Congress of the United States, the insulting phrase to my country, which you yourself have signed, could alone bring me into direct communication with you. I do not, my lord, deign to refute your assertion, but I do wish to punish it. It is to you, as chief of the commission, that I now appeal, to give me a reparation as public as has been the offence, and as shall be the denial which arises from it; nor would that denial have been so long delayed if the letters had reached me sooner. As I am obliged to absent myself for some days, I hope to find your answer on my return. M. de Gimat, a French officer, will make all the arrangements for me which may be agreeable to you; I doubt not but that General Clinton, for the honor of his countryman, will consent to the measure I propose. As to myself, my lord, I shall consider all measures good, if, to the glory of being a Frenchman, I can add that of proving to one of your nation that my nation can never be attacked with impunity.

"LAFAYETTE."

The following reply of Washington is equally characteristic.

"FROM GENERAL WASHINGTON TO THE MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE.

"(ORIGINAL.)

"Fishkill, 4th October, 1778.

"My Dear Marquis,—I have had the pleasure of receiving, by the hands of Monsieur de la Colombe, your favor of the 28th ultimo, accompanied by one of the 24th, which he overtook somewhere on the road. The leave requested in the former, I am as much interested to grant, as to refuse my approbation of the challenge proposed in the latter. The generous spirit of chivalry, exploded by the rest of the world, finds a refuge, my dear friend, in the sensibility of your nation only. But it is in vain to cherish it, unless you can find antagonists to support it; and, however well adapted it might have been to the times in which it existed, in our days, it is to be feared, that your opponent, sheltering himself behind modern opinions, and under his present public character of commissioner, would turn a virtue of such ancient date into ridicule. Besides, supposing his lordship accepted your terms, experience has proved that chance is often as much concerned in deciding these matters as bravery, and always more than the justice of the cause. I would not, therefore, have your life, by the remotest possibility, exposed, when it may be reserved for so many greater occasions. His excellency, the admiral, I flatter myself, will be in sentiment with me; and, as soon as he can spare you, will send you to head-quarters, where I anticipate the pleasure of seeing you.

"Having written very fully to you a few days ago, and put the letter under cover to General Sullivan, I have nothing to add at this time, but to assure you that, with the most perfect regard—I am, dear sir, &c."

Gladly would we dwell longer upon this volume, and quote more largely from the various passages of interest to be found in this correspondence, which is enriched with several original letters from Washington and other leaders of the Revolution, that have not before appeared in print. Our limits, however, warn us to forbear. The work is handsomely printed, and ought to be in the library of every American.

\* This letter was written in French.



*The Young Ladies' Friend.* Boston. American Stationers' Company.

There is but one voice concerning this book—and that is most emphatically in its favor. And it ought to be. It deserves the best and strongest that can be said of it. We feel particularly gratified that the writer has succeeded so well—because she has busied herself with subjects which are of such universal interest and importance. Every class of females, from the dairy to the drawing-room, is brought up here, to listen to a course of instructions, which she will inevitably find of use to her, before she has made any advance in the life to which she may be called. This fact, with the uncommon, yet perfectly proper and delicate freedom with which every topic is handled, constitutes one of the principal recommendations of the work. Yet we doubt whether these things are thought of as making up the chief value of a volume in *these* days—though they are days of *utility*; and we are much mistaken if one “young lady” in a hundred thinks of what Mrs. Farrar enforces so admirably, as making a *woman*, and a good member of the society she may *adorn*, until she has settled in her mind what forms the *fashion*, and what she must do to *illustrate it*!

It has been the great, and we may safely say universal, fault of modern education of our girls—especially when we reflect what an absurdly *imitative* people we are—the allowing them to enter upon the world in a state of lamentable subserviency to the ridiculous extravagances of fashion, and the giving of priority to those extravagancies, where propriety and virtue would seem to have the first claim to attention. A casual observer could not but have seen this; the inquiry was not, what does *duty*, but what does foolish desire, demand; not what does love to God, but what does love to my *coterie*, require; not what will do me *good*, but what will do me *credit*—and fashionable credit above all.

Till this book, and a few like it, made their appearance—we recollect nothing which went into a serious consideration of those great duties to our Maker and to man, upon the faithful performance of which all true happiness may be said so mainly to depend. It is now, indeed, a source of unfailing satisfaction, that no reader of a book like this of Mrs. Farrar's, can open upon any page of it without deriving therefrom something which may not be set down on the *profit* side of the reading or thinking account.

We welcome this work as one of those which must do good from the invaluable lesson so faithfully taught, that young ladies are not out of school when they are out of the hands of their mistresses; but that they are just entering it, when they are entering the world to which they are hereafter to do honor or to be a reproach. We most cordially commend it to our whole land. A few extracts, moreover, will speak better than we can, of its excellencies and its beauties.

“In Hannah More's beautiful story of ‘The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain,’ you will find an example of the very economy of time I am recommending. There, a poor untutored man turns to account the silent watches of the night, when he is obliged to be abroad, tending his flocks, by meditating upon portions of Scripture which he has previously committed to memory, and by methodizing his thoughts and recollections.

“Just as the finest library is useless to the student, unless arranged according to some order and with a catalogue to indicate its treasures; just as a ship-load of natural curiosities would be of little worth, until classed and arranged scientifically; just as your own work-box would be of little use, if every spool of cotton and skein of silk were unwound and tangled up together, if all your needles and pins were mixed, and every article in confusion; so are the treasures of the mind of little avail, if all sorts of facts and impressions are indiscriminately remembered and laid up together, without classification or arrangement. What is



taken into the mind by means of reading, observation, and conversation, does not minister to its growth, unless assimilated to it by reflection, comparison, and all the processes of the mind necessary to mature our thoughts; and these can be carried on to great advantage, whilst the fingers are mechanically employed.

"The old adage, 'Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves,' may be thus parodied, 'Take care of the minutes, and the days will take care of themselves.' If the *minutes* were counted, that are daily wasted in idle reverie or still idler talk, in thinking of setting about a task that is not relished, and in looking for things that should never have been mislaid, they would soon amount to *hours*, and prove sufficient for the acquisition of some elegant art, or the study of some useful science. Almost every young person has something in view which she would like to do, if she had time for it; and by scrutinizing her appropriation of every hour in the day, she will generally find as much time wasted as would suffice for the desired end, if resolutely redeemed from idleness.

"A professional gentleman, of rare attainments, and one who added to the laborious duties of his calling a great variety of learning, much scientific research, and many elegant accomplishments, was asked by a young lady how he found time for all that he did. He replied, 'There is one rule which I have found of great use, and there ore recommend it to you; and that is, always to do small things, such as writing a letter, copying out some short piece, making a sketch, reading a review, &c., in small portions of time, and to reserve a whole day of leisure for some long and important affair. Never use up a rainy morning in doing a variety of little jobs, and think, because you despatch a great many, that you have well bestowed your time; leave small affairs for odd half-hours, and use your uninterrupted morning for something that cannot be done in half-hours. You have sometimes wondered at my having time to correspond with so many absent friends; but all my letters of friendship are written in odd minutes, whilst I am waiting for people who are not so punctual to their appointments as I am.'

"The unexampled prosperity of this great republic makes it so easy for young women to find lucrative employment in the way of trades and manufactures, that the service of private families is less sought than formerly, by the active and industrious; hence arises the scarcity of domestics, and the numerous complaints which we hear from the mistresses of families, whose burdens are much increased by this state of things. Since, however, it is a proof of the flourishing condition of the people at large, let us not groan over it as an unmixed evil, but try to meet it by changes in our domestic arrangements, and by that moral power which goodness and intelligence must ever give. Let us try to make the service of private families more desirable, not by extravagant wages, but by justice and kindness, and a liberal consideration of the convenience and pleasure of those who do the drudgery of our houses. Let us attach them to us by a sincere sympathy in their feelings, interests, and concerns; if we make them see that we are not selfishly bent on getting all the service we can for our wages, but that their happiness is a large item in the account, they will in return consult our interest and convenience, and we shall have the willing labor of love, instead of reluctant eye-service.

"In much of the fault-finding that is heard about domestics, may be traced the influence of aristocratic feeling, and that spirit of domination which invariably accompanies a state of society, in which domestics are numerous, and labor can be commanded at a cheap rate; and though it is long since this was the state of things in the northern and eastern States of America, the feeling is transmitted, and ladies often talk as if they were living in olden times and had a right to govern with absolute sway those whom they hire. They talk of the contracts made with house servants, as if the obligations were all on one side, and as if, in consideration of the wages paid, the hired persons were to lose all free agency; to hold every moment at the command of their employers; to have no will but theirs; to perform the same round of duties, month after month, without relief or variety; to seek no amusements; to gain no further knowledge; but be content to drudge on thus to the end of their days.

"Even now, there are persons who never find any difficulty in being well served; yet it is not because they give extravagant wages, or allow their domestics unwarrantable liberties; that is not the way; it is by following that simple rule, given by our Saviour to his disciples, and which is of universal application, though many do not seem to see its bearing upon this particular social relation; it is by 'doing unto others as you would that they should do unto you.' In families where this broad Christian ground is taken, the domestics feel that their rights are respected and their happiness is cared for; that though they are expected to do the work, and are to be well paid for it, their labors are to be ren-

dered as easy as possible, and to be relieved by all the recreation and improvement compatible with their performance of it.

"Where domestics are selfish and deceitful, they have frequently been rendered so by the exactions and the domineering spirit of those whom they have served; and it yet remains to be shown how much the characters of both may be improved, when the bond of Christian brotherhood shall be fully acknowledged and acted upon in this relation of life.

"My young reader will perhaps exclaim, 'All this about domestics is well enough for our parents, but what have we to do with it?' Much, very much, I assure you. It is very important to the happiness of all concerned, that the prevalent errors upon this topic should be corrected; and if you would not add to the numbers of complaining and care-worn mistresses of families, you must avoid their errors, and practise, in your father's house, the virtues that will lighten the cares, which may at some future time devolve upon you.

"It often happens that those who wait upon young ladies are many years their seniors, and have much more practical wisdom than they; imagine, then, how irksome it must be to them, to be called off from their work twenty times a day for some trifling want of yours. Perhaps the business they are about is hindered or spoiled by these interruptions, and they are blamed for what they could not help. Your attendant may be very much tired, and your bell may call her up many flights of stairs, and when she gets up, she may find that you have summoned her to do something for you which you might just as well have done for yourself. Her judgment may be better than yours; she may know what you ought to do, better than you do yourself; and yet she is expected to be subservient to your will; now if you were in her place, would you be inclined to rebel? Suppose, however, that her patience and good-nature are equal to the occasion, and that you speak to her so pleasantly, that your wants, though trifling, are cheerfully supplied; having done what you wish, she hurries back to her more important labors below stairs. Now imagine her feelings, when your bell rings again in five minutes, and up she is obliged to go for something you forgot to say when she came up before. Can you wonder if her brow is clouded and her answer short? Yet such are the trials to which women are continually subject, who do the work of private families, and all for want of proper consideration on the part of their employers."

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*Letters of Lucius M. Piso, from Palmyra, to his friend Marcus Curtius at Rome, now first translated and published. New-York, C. S. Francis. 2 Vols. 12mo.*

THESE letters will be reckoned among the most remarkable productions of this age and country. We believe that this Magazine will hardly be charged with puffing—indeed, we are not unfrequently abused for a contrary practice. The opinion which we are about to offer, therefore, will be respected as that of impartial and unbiased judges. It presents, also, an additional claim to the confidence of our readers, from the fact that we were prejudiced against the letters in consequence of disgust *ad nauseam*, induced by the gross praises of the periodical in which they were first published, and the echoed criticisms of Miss Martineau; as if it were quite enough for any American production to be commended by an English strolling-author. The Knickerbocker Magazine, distinguished as it has been by many able papers, should derive its highest gratification from having been the medium through which the nine first of these beautiful letters were given to the public; it should be careful, however, not to detract from the great merit which is most richly its due, by indulgence in a species of self-laudation, which owed its origin to the Blacking of Messrs. Day and Martin, and the far-famed Genuine Macassar Oil of A. Rowland and Sons.

The modesty of the title-page of these charming volumes would prepossess the most captious reader in their favor; by it we were made to forget the windy

arguments of praise by which they were ushered into the world of books. The "Letters" are simply stated to be "now first translated and published." Though their style is that of the purest Latinity, and seemingly formed upon the best classic models, it is not the less distinguished by the faultless accuracy and chaste elegance of its English expressions. It is a style, in whose Doric simplicity the eye of Addison would have discovered no false ornament, and in whose perfect adaptation to its subject, Water Savage Landor will find his happiest effects equalled. Comparisons to us are most especially odious. We disliked the comparison of these "Letters" to Mr. Lockhart's *Valerius*, and we should dislike ourselves still more if we were tempted into the assertion that in many points we consider our author much more successful than the brilliant and eccentric Landor. The conversation put into the mouth of Longinus—how much more appropriate than many a speech in "the Imaginary Conversations?" But let us not be betrayed into a fault which we so severely reprehend in others; let us rather be content to examine the work as it stands alone, and as it will stand alone in the estimation of all good critics, unsurpassedly excellent.

Lucius Piso, a senator of Rome, and a scion of noble house, a patrician of the highest grade, and a friend of the Emperor Aurelian, suddenly determines to go to Palmyra, the star of the eastern cities, to endeavor to get news of his brother Calpurnius. This brother had, with his father Cneius Piso, in the expedition of the Emperor Valerian against Persia, been taken prisoner, and in company with the unfortunate Emperor, confined by Sapor, the Persian king. The Roman Emperor was compelled by the weak Persian, whose soul never felt a throb of magnanimity, to submit to the most degrading indignities—such as kneeling down and receiving upon his shoulder the foot of the Eastern monarch whenever he went forth to ride. The elder Piso, sooner than bear with so weighty an outrage, opened his veins and died. Calpurnius gaining the favor of the prince, the son of Sapor, was released from his ignominious thralldom, taken to live with the prince, and treated in all respects, save that of being suffered to depart, with the same deference. Rumors of this situation of his brothers had reached Lucius; and we behold him in Palmyra, at the house of his friend Gracchus, a noble Palmyrene, prosecuting the object of his search, and devising those means by which Calpurnius may best be released from his splendid bondage and restored to the arms of his family and of Rome. Such is the cause of Lucius Piso's voyage to Palmyra, most ingeniously devised by our author—whose grand scope evidently is to comprise the glory, the greatness, and the terrible downfall of that city, over whose places of unsurpassed splendor the sands of the desert have swept for ages, and whose only monument is history, whose only device is such as these "Letters," graven and gilded by the hand of imaginative genius.

With the short chain of a "Critical Notice" we cannot bind together the other beautiful parts of the story so happily framed by our author: We cannot dwell on Lucius Piso's first and second meetings with Probus, the Christian minister, by whose preaching we suppose him to have been converted to the faith of Jesus. We cannot tell his adventures with old Isaac of Rome, the Jew, whose hope was the building up of Jerusalem, and whose character is delineated with a touch and power of coloring that an Allston might envy. We cannot linger over this reunion of the brothers, when Calpurnius came at length to Palmyra, nor over the affection which grew up between Calpurnius and Fausta, the daughter of Gracchus, the female warrior; she to whom love of country was a stronger passion than love of life. Neither can we contemplate, except briefly in these pages, the magnificent story of Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra and of the East, whose throne of royal state outshines, indeed, through the medium of our author's resplendent description, the wealth of Ormus and of Ind! We should be glad to



quote whole pages occupied in the descriptions of the illustrious queen; but as those in the first volume have already appeared under two different forms before the public, we quote only from the second volume, in which the letters are now first published, a narration of the manner in which Zenobia went out to join her army now assembled beyond the walls of Palmyra, and about to march to repel their Roman besiegers, who, under Aurelian, are rapidly approaching their beloved city.

"The city itself was all pouring forth upon the plains in its vicinity. The crowds choked the streets as they passed out, so that our progress was slow. Arriving at length, we turned toward the pavilion of the Queen, pitched over against the centre of the army. There we stood, joined by others, awaiting her arrival—for she had not yet left the palace. We had not stood long, before the braying of trumpets and other warlike instruments announced her approach. We turned, and looking toward the gate of the city, through which we had but now passed, saw Zenobia, having on either side Longinus and Zabdas, and preceded and followed by a select troop of horse, advancing at her usual speed toward the pavilion. She was mounted upon her far-famed white Numidian, for power an elephant, for endurance a dromedary, for fleetness a very Nicæan, and who had been her companion in all the battles by which she had gained her renown and her empire.

"Calpurnius was beside himself: he had not before seen her when assuming all her state. 'Did eye ever look upon aught so like a celestial apparition? It is a descent from other regions; I can swear it is no mortal—still less a woman. Fausta—this puts to shame your eulogies, swollen as I termed them.'

"I did not wonder at his amazement, for I myself shared it, though I had seen her so often. The object that approached us truly seemed rather a moving blaze of light than an armed woman, which the eye and the reason declared it to be, with such gorgeous magnificence was she arrayed. The whole art of the armourer had been exhausted in her appointments. The caparison of her steed, sheathed with burnished gold, and thick studded with precious stones of every various hue, reflected an almost intolerable splendor as the rays of a hot morning sun fell upon it. She too herself being clothed in armour of polished steel, whose own fiery brightness was doubled by the diamonds—that was the only jewel she wore—sown with profusion all over its more prominent parts, could be gazed upon scarcely with more ease than the sun himself, whose beams were given back from it with undiminished glory. In her right hand, she held the long slender lance of the cavalry; over her shoulders hung a quiver, well loaded with arrows, while at her side depended a heavy Damascus blade. Her head was surmounted by a steel helmet, which left her face wholly uncovered, and showed her forehead, like Fausta's, shaded by the dark hair, which, while it was the only circumstance that revealed the woman, added to the effect of a countenance unequalled for a marvellous union of feminine beauty, queenly dignity, and masculine power. Sometimes it has been her usage upon such occasions, to appear with arms bare and gloved hands; they were now cased, like the rest of the body, in plates of steel.

"'Calpurnius,' said Fausta, 'saw you ever in Persia such horsemanship? See now, as she draws nearer, with what grace and power she moves. Blame you the enthusiasm of this people?'

"'I more than share it,' he replied, 'it is reward enough for my long captivity, at last to follow such a leader. Many a time, as Zenobia has in years past visited my dreams, and I almost fancied myself in her train, I little thought that the happiness I now experience was to become a reality. But, hark! how the shout of welcome goes up from this innumerable host.'

"No sooner was the Queen arrived where we stood, and the whole extended lines became aware of her presence, than the air was filled with the clang of trumpets and the enthusiastic cries of the soldiery, who waved aloft their arms and made a thousand expressive signs of most joyful greeting. When this hearty salutation, commencing at the centre, had died away along the wings, stretching one way to the walls of the city, and the other toward the desert, Zenobia rode up nearer the lines, and being there surrounded by the ranks which were in front, and by a crowd of the great officers of the army, spoke to them in accordance with her custom. Stretching out her hand, as if she would ask the attention of the multitude—a deep silence ensued, and in a voice clear and strong, she thus addressed them—'Men and soldiers of Palmyra! Is this the last time that you are to gather together in this glittering array, and go forth as



lords of the whole East? Conquerors in so many wars, are you now about to make an offering of yourselves and your homes to the emperor of Rome? Am I, who have twice led you to the gates of Ctesiphon, now to be your leader to the footstool of Aurelian? Are you thinking of any thing but victory? Is there one in all these ranks, who doubts whether the same fate that once befel Probus shall now befall Aurelian? If there be, let him stand forth! Let him go and intrench himself within the walls of Palmyra. We want him not.—(The soldiers brandished and clashed their arms.)—Victory, soldiers, belongs to those who believe. Believe that you can do so, and we will return with a Roman army captive at our chariot wheels. Who should put trust in themselves, if not the men and soldiers of Palmyra? Whose memory is long enough to reach backward to a defeat? What was the reign of Odenatus but an unbroken triumph? Are you now, for the first time, to fly or fall before an enemy? And who the enemy? Forget it not—Rome! and Aurelian! the greatest empire and the greatest soldier of the world. Never before was so large a prize within your reach. Never before fought you on a stage with the whole world for spectators. Forget not, too—that defeat will be not only defeat, but ruin! The loss of a battle will be not only so many dead and wounded, but the loss of empire! For Rome resolves upon our subjugation. We must conquer, or we must perish; and for ever lose our city, our throne, and our name. Are you ready to write yourselves subjects and slaves of Rome!—citizens of a Roman province? and forfeit the proud name of Palmyrene?—(Loud and indignant cries rose from the surrounding ranks.)—If not, you have only to remember the plains of Egypt and of Persia, and the spirit that burned within your bosoms then, will save you now, and bring you back to these walls, your brows bound about with the garlands of victory. Soldiers! strike your tents! and away to the desert!

“Shouts long and loud, mingled with the clash of arms, followed these few words of the Queen. Her own name was heard above all. ‘Long live the great Zenobia,’ ran along the ranks from the centre to the extremes, and from the extremes back again to the centre. It seemed as if, when her name had once been uttered, they could not cease—through the operation of some charm—to repeat it again and again, coupled, too, with a thousand phrases of loyalty and affection.”

We should be glad, also, to quote another specimen of our author's varied powers in one of the deeply-interesting philosophical conversations which he gives to Longinus, Zabdas, and other councillors and friends of the great Queen. We refrain, however, in the confidence of having already said enough to inspire our readers with a desire to read this remarkable book—remarkable, not only for the genius and learning which illuminates its pages, but for the high tone of its moral and religious precepts. That such a work as “*Letters from Palmyra*” should have been produced and received with general favor in this age of chronic excitement, when literature must be spiced and garnished with foreign condiments to be relished, is the happiest indication which could be afforded of a return to good taste, and an appetite for a wholesome intellectual diet.

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*Stories from Real Life, designed to teach true Independence and Domestic Economy, in five parts. New-York, S. Colman, 114 Fulton Street.*

ELLINOR FULTON.

“WOULD to Heaven that the voice of truth and duty, of unwavering principle, of *accountability to each other*, of honest independence, could be heard in all our cities, and in ‘every log-house beyond the mountains!’ Would that it could ‘grow liquid,’ and flow forth, like our noble rivers, fertilizing our country! When will man feel that *man* is his *brother*? Do you say this will never arrive till the millennium takes place? It is this state of feeling that will make the millennium. Could we once unite for the good of the whole, we should be as

invincible over internal evils as we have been over foreign invasion. Our national existence was secured by one spirit;—by one spirit it must be preserved.”

The above passage is quoted from the second part of this series, and we know no better way of promoting the sentiments so justly and eloquently set forth, than by aiding the dissemination of the excellent work in which it appears. The stories present genuine pictures of American life and manners, and the lessons which they inculcate come home at once to the feelings of our people, for many of the touches are, undoubtedly, copied from real scenes and characters. But an extract from the work itself will best show this.

There is so much *vrai semblance* about the following, that we can almost imagine it a genuine letter written from the banks of the Kishwaukee or the Wisconsin.

“ . . . . You can have no idea, my dearest Jane, of the deprivations that people must submit to who settle in a new country. I live in a log-house, and my room, which is here called a very good one, admits air and light in every direction. My eye, at this moment, can trace the trunk of a tree, between the logs which form one side of the house, till the branches begin.

“ The chimney lets down air and light, but is very rebellious about carrying up smoke; and then sometimes there comes a freshet, and we are obliged to remove ourselves and chattels to another log-house, far inferior to this, which stands on a little rising, that they call the mountain, and which we, in New England, should hardly call a hill.

“ The want of neatness is a trying affliction. The people I board with are clever in their way; but as the woman is half-Indian, you will not expect much refinement.

“ There are two or three shingled houses in the place, and more erecting; in time, I am sure it will be a thriving one. The climate is mild, the soil rich, and I have had success enough in banishing fever and ague to make me of some importance. You must not think I do this, Jane, by gallipots, pill-boxes, or phials. No, here, as every where, the radical causes of disease among the poor are dirt, humidity, and intemperance. Now, you know, the only elixir for this is moral improvement; every where it is the *elixir vita*. I have done something, I hope, for the cause of good habits. I have prevailed on them to make their habitations dry, and at least to aim at cleanliness. I am now trying to prove to them it is for their interest to be temperate.

“ In letters that I have received from partial friends, they regret that my education and acquirements should be lost in this situation. They are mistaken; it is the influence of education which gives me power over this half-savage race. The animal strength of us, effeminate citizens, would avail us nothing among them; it is by the power of mind alone that we can help them. Strange as it may seem to you, I never till now felt that I was turning to account whatever talents I have received. I sometimes feel as if this opportunity was given me to atone in some degree for my past errors.

“ And now, Jane, I must write a little about my pecuniary prospects. There is no place where a man can live with less money than here. I spend nothing comparatively on my own wants, and I am continually making acquisitions of land which must one day be valuable. This place will command the navigation of three rivers, for it stands at the point where they meet.

“ In return for the services that I am doing here, I do not ask money, but land, of which they have more than they know what to do with. I have already made some fortunate sales, and Mr. Watson will tell you I have done something towards paying my debts.”

#### THE HARCOURTS.

THIS is one of Colman's recently started Stories from Real Life, and designed to teach true independence and domestic economy. We are glad to see a work of the kind, doing both of these great and good things so faithfully and so well. It is one of a series; and this makes it more valuable still. The idea of pre-

senting to a public like ours, that needs them so much, little works of this nature, in a sort of *rank and file*, is in itself an excellent one—to say nothing of the matter which is presented. The people *dwell on* them longer, and *expect* them with more interest, when they come in this way, *connected*. We have no question about the good sense of the Harcourts—nor about the good effect it is calculated to have, if all classes will only pay it that attention which it deserves. It may do more good than a hundred sermons; for it is designed for the minds of all sorts of people; it is so simple and unpretending in its style, and it goes directly home to those subjects which concern us all as men and women—fathers and mothers—citizens and republicans. It is a straight-forward work, that enters at once into the faults and fooleries of fashionable life, and is determined to do good, if good can ever be done, by telling severe, downright *truths* about that sort of living and economy which it is not our business, as a plain and practical people, to have any thing to do with; or, if any thing, never in this absurd, imitating, ruinous way, which leads so many of us into *falsehoods* and *failures*. Can we think, for a moment, of what notions we have of *independence*, and not first *laugh* at ourselves, and then *lament*! Our mode of fashionable life, with the torments and mortifications to which it exposes us—especially where we have to support it on a false foundation, and at the expense of our good name for *Truth* and *Virtue*—would seem too peculiarly ridiculous, as well as wicked, to need a story of any sort to set it in its true light. But we are too blind to the pure and proper, and want something of the sort which the “Harcourts” affords to open our eyes to our duty. Some of the best pictures given here are those of fashionable *lying*—of fashionable *dishonesty* and *cheating*—fashionable *fear* of the opinion of others—and fashionable preference of *style* and *vice* to *simplicity* and *virtue*!

We give an extract or two.

“Every thing pertaining to the family was carried on in the most magnificent scale. The firm of Winwood and Co. was one of the most flourishing and enterprising houses of the day. Hundreds of thousands were staked in their daring speculations, smaller sums were trifles not worth risking. In their splendid household establishment nothing was considered too extravagant for their means. In re-furnishing a drawing-room, or in making any grand display, previously sitting down and counting the cost would have been thought as vulgar and ungenteel as to eat with steel forks, or to go to an evening party before the hours of nine or ten. They were constant customers and large purchasers at all the fashionable stores; but their minds were too elevated, and their feelings too magnanimous, to trouble themselves about the debts they contracted. They thought that the order to “charge them to Mr. Winwood” was a sufficient remuneration to the obsequious shopman; and when the bills, amounting to three or four hundred dollars, were sent to them for payment, they considered him insufferably impertinent, and resolved to patronise him no longer.”

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“Anna’s sudden burst of grief prevented her replying at once; but at last, with tearful eyes, she said, ‘I am willing to do any thing for the sake of father, but I cannot see the necessity of his selling the house and furniture. I am sure, there is Mr. Wilson; his was a complete failure, many persons lost money by him, but he kept his handsome house and splendid furniture; for he gave them to his wife several months before he became insolvent, so as to save them for his family. Could not father have managed as he did?’

“‘My dear Anna,’ replied Sophia, ‘our father is a man of integrity, and he would rather be reduced to utter poverty than to depart in the least from the strictest code of honesty and uprightness. If Mr. Wilson did as you say, he defrauded his creditors of their just rights.’

“‘I have heard many ladies say that it was a man’s duty to provide for his own family first, as their interests ought to be dearer to him than those of his creditors. And no one thinks less of the Wilsons, or of their father either; they visit in the same circles, and keep up the same appearance they ever did. I think



it is very hard, just as I am entering into company, to be obliged to live in a mean two-story house. No one will think of visiting us then, and we shall surely die old maids, for no gentleman worth having, looks into a two-story house for a wife to grace the head of an establishment."

But we have said and given enough. Let the little work be found in every house that can afford to have a book on its table; and we will promise that more satisfaction, even as more good, will come of it, than of three quarters the novels that are found always within its precincts.

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## MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

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**THE DIVORCE OF BANK AND STATE.**—When the leading article of our present number was put to press, we had no idea that this, the rallying cry of the real and seceding democrats of the country, as well as of a large portion of the opposition, who agreed with them in sentiment upon the subject of free trade in Banking, was so soon to be taken up by the Tory party generally. At that season the Administration paper at Washington held a different language. It trembled before the Albany Regency, by whose aid Mr. Van Buren has so long controlled New-York, and who, governing themselves through the medium of the affiliated banks, placed him in power by the means with which he now finds he can dispense. But though that party, which has so long deceived the people, affect now to discard the appliances which have given them the ascendancy, it is no reason why the Whigs, as a body, should secede from the position which many of the most intelligent among them were just preparing to take. For once in the course of many years of political trimming, the Tories have at last committed themselves to a principle, and let us hold them to it. We have seen how they have misruled the country through the medium of our State monied institutions, and we can judge how thoroughly they would have enslaved us had they once gained the possession of a federal Bank. No Bank can be now established of which they would not have the management; and, however our compatriots may disagree in relation to the constitutional power of government to regulate the currency, however temporally expedient it may be to have a national Bank to revive our drooping commerce, it must be agreed that our only permanent salvation lies in taking the currency entirely from the control of the leading powers, and leaving money, like other merchandize, to regulate itself. Credit would then establish itself upon a basis which it has never yet occupied. Its growth, though slow, would be sure; and foreign capitalists, secure against the intermeddling of political quack salvers, would, by making this country the theatre of their operations, instantly supply the sinews of commerce. So much wild radicalism and mobocratic slang-whanging has lately been mixed up with this subject of Bank and State, that disgust may prevent many from examining its real bearings; but since the time when, in the convention of the state of New-York,



RUFUS KING so ably opposed the granting of monopolies, the leading doctrine of our modern *Loco Focos* has continually been making converts among the most intelligent men in the community. Shall we now, because the Tories have been driven partially to commit themselves to it, reject the boon from mere suspicion of the corrupt hands which extend it to us?" Let us hold them rather to "the divorce of Bank and State." Let us unite with them in effecting the measure, watching only lest there be some double play behind this unwonted committal to a principle, some game which they will be certain to carry effectually under the smoke of the struggle, if the Whigs array themselves in opposition to a movement which can alone free our political system from corruption, and which must ultimately redound to our commercial prosperity.

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THE NATURALIZATION LAWS.—In the ground that we have long since taken in this Magazine, and more particularly asserted in our present number, upon the subject of admitting foreigners to an equality of *political* rights with native-born citizens, we disclaim all intention of interfering with the existing rights of any naturalized citizen of the Republic; we disclaim, too, any assumption of *social* superiority as the motive for not sharing with foreigners all the privileges of Republican America. We shall ever be ready to maintain the privileges already conceded by the law; but, with regard to the law itself, it cannot be too soon altered, unless it can be proved that the consequences predicted by JEFFERSON, when he promulgated his sentiments in the following passage taken from his "Notes on Virginia," have never ensued, or have wholly passed away.

"Civil government being the sole object of forming societies, its administration must be conducted by common consent. Every species of government has its specific principles. Ours, perhaps, are more particular than those of any other in the universe. It is a composition of the first principles of the English constitution, with others derived from natural reason. To these nothing can be more opposed than the maxims of absolute monarchies. Yet, from such, we are to expect the greatest number of emigrants. *They will bring with them the principles of the governments they have imbibed in their early youth; or, if to throw them off, they will be exchanged for an unbounded licentiousness, passing, as is usual, from one extreme to another. It would be a miracle were they to stop precisely at the point of temperate liberty. These principles, with their language, they will transmit to their children. In proportion to their numbers, they will share with us the legislation. They will infuse into it their spirit, and warp and bias its directions, and render it a heterogeneous, incoherent, distracted mass.*"

Such were the sentiments of the author of the Declaration of Independence. Had they commanded the sympathy and approval of his countrymen in the day that they were pronounced, our country would, at this day, have boasted of a homogeneous and "proud democracy," and the badge of American citizenship would never have been cheapened by being squandered upon by every European subject who chose to apply for it.

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CULTIVATION OF THE PRAIRIES.—There is a singular fact attending the settlement of the Western country, which exemplifies how thoroughly men are the creatures of habit. We allude to the circumstance, now to be sure becoming more rare, of emigrants from the wooded districts of the East often giving the preference to forest tracts, which they were compelled to clear, over the natural fields which the prairies offered them. The Mechanics' Magazine has a correspondent who writes sensibly upon the subject, as this following extract from one of his letters will show.

"In making selections, I have, when practicable, procured both prairie and timber, though I am sure there has been a common error to pass the rich prairie

because timber cannot be found adjoining, at government price. Under this belief many settlers have, to their sorrow, entered the timber and left the prairie, because they suppose nobody would enter that without possessing the timber. This prairie has been lately entered. And such is the facility of raising timber on prairies by sowing the seed of black walnut and locust, that the desire for timber land has diminished.—Those who doubt the comparative value of prairie and timber land, will do well to consider that \$12 is a fair price for clearing timber land. Timber land, when cleared in the usual manner, is left incumbered with stumps and roots, fatal obstacles to laboring mechanics. \$12,000 will be required to clear 1,000 acres of timber land; whereas the 1,000 acres of prairie can be put into tame grass without ploughing.

"A prairie farm may be put in complete cultivation at from \$3 75 to \$9 per acre."

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TOUCHING LOCO FOCOISM.—The following conversation took place in Wall street the other day between a Democrat and an Aristocrat, as it seems they characterize each other.

D. Well, Fitz, they tell me that you and other young aristocrats are dabbling in politics, and call yourselves, forsooth, Loco Focos.

A. What is a Loco Foco?

D. A wild Destructive, that would break down all our institutions, resolve society into its original elements, put the throats of our children at the mercy of the radical refuse of foreign jails, and break down the glorious Republican party established by the immortal Jefferson.

A. Then I am not a Loco Foco.

D. Why, you are helping them to lay their axe to the root, and drive their first wedge into the noble tree under whose shade we so long have sat, and which they now would uproot and rend asunder.

A. What, by advocating that divorce of Bank and State which shall separate trade from politics, and, leave it to flourish from its own untrammelled energies?

D. Trade? Why, 'tis money, my dear sir, the soul of trade that you would annihilate.

A. The soul of trade. I thought that, as the body of trade lay in the energy and industry of the producing classes, the soul was to be found in the intelligence, the enterprise, and integrity of your merchants. If money be that soul, that broker opposite should take out a license for dealing in *spirits*, for he sells such souls every day. Here, by the way, are hundreds around us, driving an active business in the money trade; and yet men like you are found who will not acknowledge that money is an article of trade.

D. Why—y-e-s, but then every one should not be allowed to go in the money line. Suppose we all did, what would become of us?

A. Suppose we all went into the shoe business, or took to manufacturing Poudrette, what would become of us then?

D. Well, I confess that one is about as likely to happen as the other. But you see, we democrats of the old school—plain men in the habit of doing things according to our own rule, both in the wigwam and Wall-street, don't think that these Loco Focos, who have no money to lose, and you bookish men who don't know how to manage it when you chance to get any, are exactly the fellows to take the regulating of this sort of thing into your hands. Between you and I, you know now that there always must be a sort of aristocracy—I mean a kind of a—you know what I mean—in every well-ordered community, and we want to keep it just where it is.

A. Exactly; you wish to keep it among the traders in politics by the alliance of the traders in money, and you wish to make the traders in dry goods and groceries believe it is for their interest that it should be so.

D. Why, you know some party must regulate.

A. I know no such thing; it is this party-regulating which has played the devil with our commerce in this country, just as governmental regulations have depressed it in other countries, where the hereditary prejudices of a fixed aristocracy teach them to look down upon the merchant as an inferior to themselves. Trade in this country is a sort of third estate. Its importance to our physical condition may be almost compared to that of religion to our spiritual state, and the moment you make the merchant as free as the sectarian, he will flourish in his worldly affairs as we see in this country the latter does in his secular concerns; and you will build up a natural aristocracy of vigorous talent, rich in the resources of successful industry; an aristocracy, which, though ever-changing and still salient from the people, will oppose an insurmountable bulwark to Jacobinism. The imperial traders of Florence and Genoa were not made princes from being great merchants. They became great merchants, because their condition as princes freed them from the fetters which enthralled the enterprise of their inferiors in rank. Our mercantile and our monied interest have now become completely mixed up with politics; party may relieve them for awhile, but they will be subject to all the fluctuations of party until the sinews of trade and the main-springs of corruption are placed beyond the tampering of the government and the fury of demagogues; in a word, until a complete *divorce of Bank and State*.

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**FAS EST AB HOSTE DOCERI.**—A leading Administration journal, in the course of some remarks upon the new position which a few Whig prints seem lately to have taken in relation to the State Banks, asks, with equal truth and point, "What would these cavaliers have? We must either place the public money in a great national institution or we must entrust it to the State Banks, or we must collect, keep, and disburse it through agents appointed by the government.

"We all know that an immense political power was wielded by the late United States Bank. It fought a hard battle with the late administration; and if the decision had depended on Congress merely, it would have been victorious in the struggle. Suppose the Bank had been friendly instead of hostile to the administration; suppose that General Jackson, instead of opposing had favored its projects, with what a prodigious influence would it not have armed the Executive. Great as its power was shown to be in contending against the government, it would have been irresistible.

"Such is the influence which a National Bank might contribute to an administration which chose to cultivate a good understanding with it. With regard to the State Banks, the Whigs have settled that question for themselves, by dwelling to tediousness on the dangerous patronage which the employment of these institutions, as depositories, conferred on the government. Will the employment of individual agents to retain and pay out the revenues be a less formidable source of influence than that which the opponents of the Albany Regency have so long struggled against in this state?"

(Let us add.) Certainly not! Why then should the members of the Whig party, while already differing in sentiment upon the subject of a National Bank, create still further grounds of division by partially identifying themselves at this ninth hour with a broken section of the enemy which would fain throw itself into their arms. No one can deny but that the Evening Post, in the above paragraph, describes truly the sentiments to which the Whig press has heretofore committed itself in relation to the Deposit Banks.



**STATISTICS OF PITTSBURG.**—The Western Address Directory furnishes some valuable statistics on Pittsburg. The sum total of the productive value of mechanical labor, taken in connexion with the value of the raw material, of Pittsburg, for the year 1836, was as follows, viz:

Steamboats, cost of,	\$960,000
Rolling mills, proceeds of,	4,160,000
Iron Foundries and Engine and Machine shops, proceeds of,	2,130,000
Flint Glass Works, proceeds of,	560,000
Window Glass & Hollow Ware, value of,	700,000
Cotton Factories, proceeds of,	500,000
Rope Walk, proceeds of,	80,000
Paper Mill, proceeds of,	20,000
Chemical Factories and Lead Works, proceeds of,	241,000
Linseed Oil, value of,	50,000
Ploughs, value of,	174,000
All other manufactures,	6,000,000

Total amount, \$15,575,000

A writer in Harris's Intelligencer asserts that the manufactures and mechanical products, and sales of all kinds, foreign and domestic, for 1836, may be estimated at twenty-five millions of dollars.

**TRANSPLANTING TREES**—in England, has been reduced to a science. There full-grown trees are now transplanted with ease and little danger of their loss, and thereby shall groves and forests be suddenly formed, and their pleasure grounds ornamented. The machine used in removing is of as simple construction as a pair of common cart wheels with a long tongue. About three years previous to removing the tree, a deep trench is cut round it, in order to cut off the ends of the main root; a cart load of rich mould is then placed within the circle around the stock on the surface; new sets of root and fibres shoot forth upwards, receiving nutriment from the mould thus deposited.

The new-formed fibres and roots, and nearly all the top or branches, are finally removed to any convenient distance, and it is said that not one out of fifty die.

If the fact is not generally known, it ought to be, that a tree transplanted from a thick forest to a cold open exposure, is very liable to die—often dies. The reason is, that the bark, as well as the interior wood, is more tender than that of trees taken from a pasture or open exposure.

**NEW-YORK REVIEW.**—We are glad to be able to inform our readers that new arrangements have been made for the publication of this excellent journal. It may now be regarded as established upon a permanent basis; and we are persuaded it will do much for the interests of good literature and sound principles. We give below the Publishers' Circular.

#### NEW-YORK REVIEW, AND QUARTERLY CHURCH JOURNAL.

"The Subscribers have the pleasure to announce to the public that they have assumed the publication of this Journal, of which the first number was issued in March last. The difficulties of the times occasioned a temporary suspension of the work, but the arrangements that have now been made will ensure for the future its regular publication; the second number will appear on the first of October, and punctually thereafter every quarter. The work will continue under the editorial charge of Professor C. S. Henry, assisted by the contributions of the ablest writers of the country; and from the great favor with which the first number was received, and the interest so extensively manifested in the work, the publishers anticipate a generous support. Subscriptions respectfully solicited.

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